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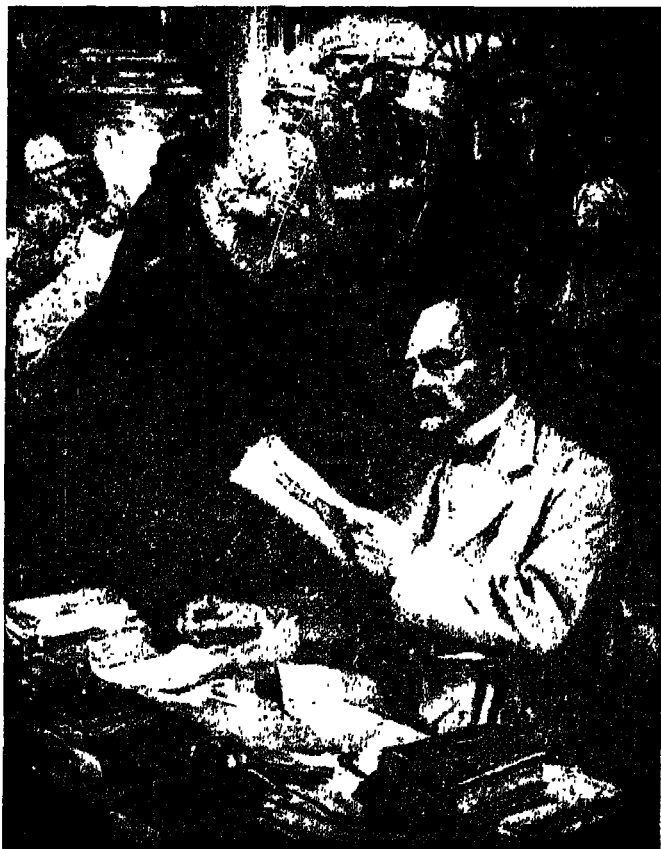


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RUDYARD KIPLING



MR. RUDYARD, KIPLING SURROUNDED BY HIS FAVOURITE
CHARACTERS

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE STORY OF A GENIUS

by

R. THURSTON HOPKINS

*Author of "The Kipling Country,"
"The Lure of Sussex," etc.*



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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I		PAGE
PARENTAGE, CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD	.	I
CHAPTER II		
KIPLING'S SCHOOL AND YOUTH	.	26
CHAPTER III		
INDIAN DAYS	.	37
CHAPTER IV		
LONDON DAYS AND LONDON WAYS	.	55
CHAPTER V		
LAME TALES FROM THE QUILLS.	.	70
CHAPTER VI		
KIPLING'S PHILOSOPHY	.	94
CHAPTER VII		
MR. KIPPLING OF POOK'S HILL	.	144
CHAPTER VIII		
MR. KIPPLING AND A FILM PLAY.	.	158
CHAPTER IX		
KIPLINGANA	.	185
COLOPHON	.	204

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING SURROUNDED BY HIS FAVOURITE CHARACTERS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
RUDYARD KIPLING'S HOME AT BURWASH .	<i>Facing page</i> 18
KIPLING'S OLD LONDON CHAMBERS . . .	58
THE WATER GATE BELOW KIPLING'S OLD FLAT IN VILLIERS STREET . . .	66
KIPLING SURRENDERS TO AN AUTOGRAPH HUNTER	82
RUDYARD KIPLING ASSISTING AT A BAZAAR FLOWER STALL	140
THE BELL INN AT BURWASH . . .	146
THE OLD WATER MILL AT BURWASH .	154
A CARICATURE OF RUDYARD KIPLING .	194

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE, CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD

TOWARDS the end of the 'eighties, an English magazine printed a series of short stories, which were signed by a new and somewhat uncommon name, now familiar wherever the English tongue is spoken. The first of these was a story with a Rabelaisian tang, entitled "The Incarnation of ' Krishna Mulvaney '." We have all read the side-splitting pranks of Mulvaney who stole a palanquin into which he was afterwards bundled while he was in his cups, and carried to Benares with the queens of India to take part in a great festival. This story and the famous ballad of "East and West" appeared in the same number, and it was obvious to many people that "Yussuf" (the signature over which the poem appeared) and Rudyard Kipling, the writer of the adventures of Mulvaney, were one and the same. The second tale was "The Head of the District," and then people began to talk. The critics cried the new writer's merits from the housetops, the demands for back numbers of the magazine grew louder and more insistent at the

bookshops, and within a few months, all literary London was buying up little paper-covered books from the London agents of Rudyard Kipling's Indian publishers.

There was some little talk about that uncommon name. It was suddenly realized that nobody knew much about its derivation; and then it was realized that few people knew anything about its owner. One of the most turbulent and outspoken English writers was in many respects the most reticent and silent of men.

Now the full name of the great writer is Joseph Rudyard Kipling and thereby hangs a tale. Names bear a clear stamp of days long past and tell a story of their own, and we shall have to go back to the Domesday Survey to get in touch with the author's ancestors. It is a Yorkshire name and remains to this day in the North Country dialect words, "kip" meaning a pointed hill, and "ling" meaning a torrent or waterfall. There is a Kipling Cotes station in East Yorks, a village which finds frequent mention in the Norman Survey and another township in the Parish of Catterick is called Kiplin. The old county histories of Yorkshire and Cumberland bristle with the name of Kipling.

The amateur etymologist would expect then to find that Rudyard Kipling's forbears were oaks of the North Country soil, and he would not be disappointed, for the author's grandfather was a "humble and devout Wesleyan preacher," the

son of a small farmer in the English Lake District. At the Wesleyan Chapel at Pickering in the North Riding there is a memorial to his memory and the excellent work he performed as minister for three years. But the main branch of the Kipling family did not desert the land, for a colony of Kiplings still farms the eight-hundred-year-old family estates at the present time. If the truth of old loyalties and old heroisms are to be found in England to-day the truth is in such tenacious allegiance to our native soil.

Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, the son of the Rev. Joseph Kipling, was a designer of pottery in the district which Mr. Arnold Bennett has since rendered famous under the name of the "Five Towns," and, finding himself a stranger in a strange land, was grateful to find there a firm friend in the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, of whose congregation he was a member.

He visited Mr. Macdonald often, for the fact is that he had found there an attraction stronger even than the conversation of his excellent friend. Miss Alice Macdonald had taken pity on the bachelor loneliness of her brother, and was frequently to be found in his house. Alice was a lovely girl, one of five beautiful sisters, of whom four were to make wonderful marriages and achieve great fame.

Agnes married Sir Edward Poynter, the painter and designer of the reverses for our coinage, in 1894; Georgiana became Lady

Burne-Jones, and her beauty inspired her husband in the painting of that saintly type of woman that has received world-wide admiration as the Burne-Jones type. Indeed, she was regarded in her own home as a saint as well as a beauty, while Louisa married a young engineer, Mr. Alfred Baldwin, who was to become a millionaire and the father of a Prime Minister. Although Louisa was the wife of a millionaire, she worked hard as a housewife and wrote some books which exhibit the hereditary literary ability of her family. They include a novel, *Richard Dare*, a volume called *Where Town and Country Meet*, a book of fairy tales, *The Pedlar's Pack*, and a most strangely diverting book of ghost stories entitled *The Shadows on the Blind*.

All the Macdonald girls were beautiful. Their father had a modest living at Birmingham in 1881. He was a born lover of books, and was tutor as well as father of his children. The children were "strictly brought up," to use the language of their day. Their father taught them painting, music, and a good deal about literature.

By the constitution of the Society of Wesleyan Methodists no minister may stay longer than three years with the same congregation, so it will be realized that George Browne Macdonald was a true book-lover when we hear that his library contained two thousand volumes and each one was carefully packed every time the household moved to a new district.

The Macdonald girls browsed freely in the library, but Shakespeare was forbidden. Quarle's *Emblems*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and the Robin Hood Ballads were passed by the family censor, but *Grimm's Fairy Tales* had to be smuggled to the bedroom for early morning reading. It was in this way that they all learned the art of story-telling.

To the Rev. Macdonald the duty of charitable speech and judgment about others was one of life's most urgent principles. It was natural that five vivacious girls sitting around cups of tea would occasionally indulge in a little mild scandal, but when their tongues erred in this respect the worthy pastor quickly made them aware of his disapproval by cutting into the conversation with a sudden question which was always set in the same words: "What is the price of potatoes?" The question, like a shot fired over the bow of a fleeing vessel, was a warning and a rebuke, and was well understood by the family circle.

But to return to Alice Macdonald.

What of Alice? Did she find that her brother's solitude demanded her more frequent company, after she had met Lockwood Kipling. What more natural than that the young people should fall in love with one another? It is the oldest story in the world. By Rudyard Lake in the neighbourhood of the Five Towns, young Lockwood walked with her, talked with her and told his love: and pleaded and won his suit.

Shortly afterwards he was offered a position in India and decided to accept it and to carve out a position for himself and his wife.

The marriage took place very quietly from the house of Burne-Jones at 41 Kensington Square, and Lady Burne-Jones wrote afterwards to a friend : " Cold was the March morning when we stood by our bride and bridegroom at the altar of St. Mary Abbott's Church, but no one doubted the good choice they had made of each other. . . . Our brother Frederick, through whom they had first met, came to give away his sister to his friend. Madox Brown, to our great joy, when speaking of the marriage, alluded to the bridegroom as ' John Gilpin.' "

In India the young husband achieved fame as an archæologist and designer, the young wife as a brilliant and witty woman, the ornament of the dinner tables of Bombay.

News came from Bombay at the beginning of 1866 that Lockwood Kipling had a son, and, as Lady Burne-Jones tells us, " Louisa the youngest of the ' wenches ' was asked to stand as his godmother." She chose for him the name of Rudyard, the place where his parents had taken their first walks as lovers.

" How are we to teach little Rudyard Kipling his catechism at this distance ? " writes his Aunt Louisa to her sister in India. Thus early had the Joseph been sunk, and Rudyard taken its place as the child's first name.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling was Principal of the Lahore School of Art, and a frequent contributor to the *Civil and Military Gazette*. Rudyard was destined for the public service, until it was seen that he would be disqualified by reason of his defective eyesight. Accordingly, when Rudyard was seventeen years of age, a place was found for him by Sir David Masson on the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, and he was launched upon his career as an author; how successful a career it is not necessary to say here. But it is not surprising that he turned out to be an extremely brilliant writer, for the ichor of authorship had passed into his blood at birth. He was not regarded as clever at school, and it was thought to be a strange phenomenon that such an ordinary son should be born of a brilliant father. Then, when little more than a boy, he wrote some short stories to astonish his father. They did something more than that. Those stories—*Plain Tales from the Hills*—astonished the world. That is one of the best examples of hereditary genius that literary history can produce.

There was one figure in the Kipling Circle who exerted a great influence on young Rudyard. The moulding of the boy's character cannot be understood unless we inquire into this influence. The figure was Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It was through Sir Edward that Kipling was sent to the United Services College, Westward Ho! Cornell Price, the head-master of the College, was at

school with Burne-Jones in 1848, and afterwards became a beloved friend.

When the school holidays came at Westward Ho! young Kipling always found a warm welcome at the Burne-Jones's house in London, where he could sit in a corner of their library conning some delicious piece of verse. Many starry experiences came to him at this house, for here he mingled with many of the most distinguished literary and artistic men of the day.

Beresford, the M'Tuck of *Stalky & Co.*, noticed that Kipling possessed a keenly analytic intellect, and a very rich and inventive mind, qualities which he attributed to the influence of Burne-Jones. "He was an extraordinary boy," writes Beresford. "He differed from the ordinary boy, not in degree, but in kind; and his authentic literary genius was already strongly in evidence. Although born in India there was no Indian atmosphere about him; rather the contrary, indeed. He was the nephew of Lady Burne-Jones, the wife of the celebrated painter, and if he bore any impress at all it might be said to be the intellectualism of the Burne-Jones-William Morris circle. English schoolboys are notoriously contemptuous of anything that savours of the intellectual or the 'high brow,' but it must be said that Kipling, in spite of his differing qualities, was very popular; his light-hearted, joking spirit won the goodwill and friendship of the whole school."

It was Burne-Jones who was the first to see in Rudyard Kipling an expert craftsman in words. When *Plain Tales from the Hills* appeared in 1888, he wrote to the author from a heart full of satisfied hope :—" Dear Ruddy, this is the truth, your work is extremely crafty, and your books will be a new pleasure in life to me."

When Rudyard was in the full tide of his literary course, his mother returned to England and lived at No. 25 The Grove, Brompton, a family occurrence which was the inspiration for her son's *Ballad of Bitterness*, complaining of home-sickness.

What, meanwhile, through the seven years of his exile in India, had Kipling himself been doing? Had he cut any swath in the world of polo or tennis? Had he become a personality in the round of Anglo-Indian social gaieties? No, there is no mention of his name in the records of Indian sport and society. But it was said that he would leave his office for days together, and sometimes weeks at a time and go about the country with any strange Indian folk he might fall in with on his wanderings. It is said that he picked up a good deal that was worth knowing at such times.

The story of Kipling's discovery has never been correctly told in print. His genius was recognized by a shrewd Indian Rail Official who met him in the Allahabad Club and offered him £200 for the entire rights of the publication of

Soldiers Three, Wee Willie Winkie, Under the Deodars, The Story of the Gadsbys, In Black and White, and The Phantom Rickshaw. The terms also gave the author a royalty of £5 per thousand copies after the sale of the first 5,000. The actual contract signed by Kipling and dated March 7th, 1889, is still in a deed box in a London house, and the owner of it has refused much more for it than the sum he originally paid for six of Kipling's copyrights!

With the £200 he had received for his books Kipling took a trip round the world. In the meanwhile the Indian stories were also published in London and his name flashed up on the literary horizon like a rocket. "Eureka! A genius has come among us," cried the critics. And a genius had arrived, as both the publisher and the public soon discovered by the great clamour over Kipling's books, and as Kipling himself discovered, when he landed a few months later in England to find himself famous and a wide-world market awaiting any future literary work he cared to produce.

Rudyard Kipling's early books presently won him as much fame in America as in England. He married an American girl, Miss Balastier, and one of the most bewitching of all his tales is of a homing woman from America, and of her restoration to the absolute earth of her forbears. It is a tale which recalls Kipling's own joyful adventure in setting up his own household at

Rottingdean in 1896. It was Sir Edward Burne-Jones who introduced Kipling to Sussex and urged him to live at Rottingdean. This was arranged, and in July, 1896, the young married couple arrived at the village and made their first home at North End House, which was then Burne-Jones's week-end resort.

Rudyard Kipling's parents had some years before returned to England and made their home at Tisbury in Wiltshire. They lived there for ten years. Alice was the first to die. Lockwood Kipling survived her only two months. They lie buried side by side in Tisbury churchyard.

Tisbury consists of a group of greystone cottages nestling in a nook in the great bleak expanse of Salisbury Plain. "The Gables," the Kiplings' home, is a greystone, red-roofed building about a mile from the village—in front a trim lawn, a row of fruit trees, a thick hedge, and then the road, and beyond the road a wide, bare valley, devoid of trees and ending in gently undulating hills. At the side of the house stands an iron shed with a thatched roof—Mr. Kipling's studio. It must not be forgotten that the quaint illustrations of *Kim* and the other famous books were Lockwood Kipling's work, and that the pictorial vividness of Rudyard's work is probably due to his father's influence. Rudyard Kipling himself acknowledges that many of his best stories were related to him by his father.

Once, it is related, Mr. Kipling prevailed upon

the Tisbury butcher, who called at his house with the meat, to pose for a military model. He never risked giving offence by offering payment for such a service, but made instead a small useful present to his model. The man still lives in the village and treasures exceedingly this acknowledgment received from the great author's father.

Lockwood Kipling has been dead almost twenty years, but he is still remembered in the village, his stocky figure, his Norfolk jacket, his pipe, his spectacles, his terriers "Bink" and "Budge," who always accompanied him on his walks. He was the soul of punctuality, and was always up for breakfast at eight and retired to bed on the stroke of ten. Mrs. Kipling was not seen so often, but this did not prevent her from finding out the needs of poor families in Tisbury, who benefited by her generous gifts; and two of her servants who still survive, remember the silver-haired lady as an accomplished housewife and the kindest and most considerate of mistresses.

They lived a retired life and rarely saw company. Their closest friend in the neighbourhood was Dr. Cecil Ensor, and at rare intervals they visited the late Hon. Percy Wyndham at Clouds House, and Mr. and Mrs. Morrison of Fonthill Bishop. As for their famous son, he came to Tisbury but seldom. He was abroad most of the time. But once, shortly after the Boer War,

he was prevailed upon to take the chair at the annual dinner of the Tisbury Volunteer Company. It was the only public function in the district in which any member of the family ever took part. His sister, the beautiful Mrs. Fleming, was a more frequent guest.

Rudyard was present, too, in November, 1910, when Mrs. Kipling, who had been ailing for some time, died after a severe illness. Her husband survived her barely two months. His death took place while on a visit to Clouds House in the following January.

They are buried side by side by the east end of the church. On the simple stone slabs are inscribed the words :

JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING	ALICE MACDONALD
C.I.E.	WIFE OF
1837-1911	JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING
	1910

After Kipling and his wife had been some months at North End House, Rottingdean, they decided to settle in the village, and accordingly "The Elms" was purchased. Here, as it proved, they were to remain for the next five years. Kipling was a great pleasure to Burne-Jones, and the great artist never lost an opportunity to spend an evening with the brisk and mirthful poet. He wrote to R.K. about this period : "O my beloved Ruddy . . . I am so glad

to be going back to you to-morrow. I am growing tame and like a curate. So to-morrow to little Rottingdean to laugh and roar with you, and to throw care to the dogs."

The favourite haunt and meeting-place of Burne-Jones and Kipling at Rottingdean was "The Merry Mermaid." I hasten to explain that this haunt was not a local house of refreshment, but the red brick-floored kitchen at North End House which had been furnished to resemble the snug bar of an old country inn. Lady Leighton found the oak from a Sussex barn for the cross-beams, and Sir E. Poynter painted the sign of a mermaid sporting in the waves. Burne-Jones has described this haunt as a "room made like a pot-house parlour, where men can drink and smoke and be vulgar . . . such white walls, such red curtains, such wood fires of logs resting on handsome dogs. There is a dresser full of the mad cappest pottery; there I sit grinning, because the floor is brick, the oak black, and the fire crackling."

In the winter of 1899-1900 Rottingdeans suffered a very bad attack of "Boer Waritis"; the village people still have a vivid recollection of one impromptu midnight procession headed by the vicar of the parish and R.K. on receiving the news of the Relief of Mafeking.

Almost every evening the men of the village drilled vigorously or practised shooting on the Morris tube range and R.K. at times attended.

The following year he presented the village with a new drill shed and an open-air range on the Downs, and in 1901 there appeared in the correspondence column of the *Spectator* a description by him of the Rifle Club which, mainly through his efforts, had been formed at Rottingdean.

Kipling's aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, was a strict religionist of the antique Methodist type . . . every inch a lady, moving of course in the best country circles, and with her feet on the Rock of Ages. True to her Nonconformist upbringing, she was a Pro-Boer, and on the signing of the Peace of Vereening in 1902 she draped the front of her house with a black banner, bearing the legend "We have killed and taken possession." As there was to be a torchlight procession later, Lady Burne-Jones was strongly advised to withdraw the offending banner in case the upper hand was got by the rougher and ruder element of the village, among whom Kipling was known by the nickname of "Barnyard"; not because he was unpopular, but merely to satisfy their Sussex craving to fit a nickname to all the world. Lady Burne-Jones saw fit to disregard this advice and in the evening a very ugly scene took place and her house narrowly escaped being set on fire. When the trouble was at its worst, R.K. and the late Mr. E. A. Ridsdale (afterwards Liberal M.P. for Brighton and the present Prime Minister's brother-in-law)

attempted to reason with the crowd with the result that the above nickname and other insults were shouted at the former.

Although he soon afterwards moved to Burwash, he never lost his interest in the village, and his son John, who was born at "The Elms" in 1898, was afterwards educated at St. Aubyn's School.

Having known so many celebrities from Harrison Ainsworth to Hackensmidt, Rottingdean was little given to hero-worship, unless it were of Peter Jackson when he trained there for his fight with Smith, the then Champion of England, and this, I think, was the great charm of the village for R.K.

But one visitor from London, a girl about seventeen, who was badly bitten by Kipling fever, would sit for hours in the lych-gate of the church and gaze at "The Elms" in the hope of catching a glimpse of the poet.

One day R.K.'s attention was drawn to her and she was raised to the seventh heaven by a conversation with the Master. With heightened colour and a high-pitched Cockney voice she entreated Kipling to sign her autograph book. Kipling seized the book, and barked out "Don't whine, girl! Don't whine!" a rebuke which effectually cured her of that habit.

Three different nationalities have gone to make up Rudyard Kipling's complicated nature. On the mother's side, Scotland and Ireland; on the

father's, England. But the Scotch character has prevailed in him.

A famous Irishman in a speech delivered some years ago, said :

"From Scotch manners, Scotch religion, Scotch novels, and Scotch whisky, good Lord deliver us."

We will leave three of these articles out of the question ; but Scotch manners are perhaps something like English walnuts, not handsome without, but sweet and good within. For when you have broken through the hard shell of Scotch suspicion you can often find a staunch heart and a certain calm generosity. Sandy does not throw his money about, as the pointed ends of a thousand anecdotes have proclaimed ; but I have not found the natives of London and Dublin too eager to distribute their wealth.

When Kipling delivered his rectorial address to the students of St. Andrew's University they claimed him as one of their great oatmeal clan, and from all parts of the audience came the greeting : "Are you there, Mac ?" This question was a jocular allusion to the uncanny way that Scotchmen have of holding down the best jobs in every part of the globe. For they say that, when you shout, "Are you there, Mac ?" wherever there is a safe and remunerative post you will get an answer from a Scottish emigrant.

Kipling has the Scotch intellect united with myths and creeds of India. A strange combination—a bold rocky headland standing out into

the treacherous sea of the Unknown. Assertive? Yes. Stubborn? Most surely. Proud? Very. Imaginative? By all means; the imagination of the Oriental scholar added to the tenaciousness of the Scot.

Opportunities never come back, but Scotchmen always do. Twice as many pilgrims visit the grave of Burns as that of Shakespeare, including the American visitors who flock to Warwickshire because the travel bureaux jockey them into it. The average Scotchman knows his Carlyle a deal better than the average Englishman knows his Shakespeare. It is perhaps the Scotch blood in Kipling which sometimes breaks out into bursts of misanthropy. His best friend would have to admit that he was rather quick-tempered. Like Swift, he has his moments of irritability, and perhaps he knows it.

Even as a schoolboy Kipling had a fine capacity for scorn. When matters did not seem to progress, or when tyrants bullied, this white-faced boy from India seized his pen and stabbed with it. But, as he wrote, the ludicrousness of the whole situation came over him, and instead of cursing plain curses, he rolled his venom into sugar-coated pills and held his adversary up to ridicule!

I once inspected a copybook containing many caricatures and humorous sketches drawn by Kipling whilst at school at Westward Ho! In every drawing was a winged arrow of scorn with

a poisoned tip. Masters and boys alike were lampooned.

As Kipling advanced in years his capacity for scorn grew stronger; he still followed in the footsteps of Swift. Even in his *Jungle Books* we find a note of derision, but it is so subtly blended with wit and genius, the shafts so finely feathered with truth, that it is the admiration of every reader. Vitriol, ink, and genius. How have we dealt with this trinity in the past? At the centenary banquet of the Royal Society of Literature in 1926 Kipling had something to say on this subject. He spoke of Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*—that fierce and dreadful testament of the supreme ironist against his kind—and pointed out that it was one of the greatest children's books ever written by mistake, and that "it was like turning down the glare of a volcano in order to provide a night-light for a child." Just so. Kipling is in the same galley. We just run him through a coarse sieve to take out the lumps of prejudice and hate and then we give him to children to make them laugh. It is thus we punish our misanthropists—and make them famous.

.

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay on December 30th, 1865. As a child of six he learnt to speak Hindustani with mysterious white-robed Hindus and Mussulmans, and grew to know the

bazaars, the monasteries and shrines where "the direct control of Providence ceases" and "man is handed over to the Gods and Devils of Asia." He studied Chaucer and adventured far into the curious and learned bypaths of letters at the age of twelve. He was the son of an extremely clever man of letters and became a journalist. He was never an ordinary unsophisticated school-boy. He was never a lover of sport. He was neither physically nor heroically built if we judge him by the degree of excellence required to place a boy in the position of a captain of his school. He loved books and side-stepped cricket. He loved activity—and excitement; but he did not want the activity and excitement provided for him in a well-drilled cricket eleven. He had what Americans call an "urge" for perpetual activity off the beaten track—an activity which the reader will find fully expressed and defended in his stories of *Stalky & Co.*

Wherever the little spectacled youth moved, his keen thrusting mind absorbed facts and ideas; and at school (if we credit *Stalky & Co.*) he moved in some very extraordinary ways and places.

But the boy Kipling, although he was no football fan, was out to make good. He lived five lives every day. He knew things, an astonishing variety of things. He knew something of printing, of art, and locomotives; he knew the language of the Indian bazaars and tales about Shiv and Buddha and the elephant-trunked

Ganesh. He knew the secret ways of *faqirs*, *sadhus*, *mullahs* and Afghan horse-dealers, and many other matters that a "gentleman's son" of the eighteen-eighties was never expected to know.

There were, of course, many things the young Kipling did not know—he did not know how to retain from morning to midnight a perfect crease in his trousers. This art has never been his, and if Sackville Street dresses him to-day, Sackville Street shudders when he passes. He has never been able to place a woman on his stage and make her comfortable—this was foreshadowed by a certain strain of contempt for the feminine mind in his early writings.

Nobody has any faith in Kipling's women. They are merely marionettes. Few people are willing to accept his excuse "that she is delightful in real life; but one has seen a little too much of her in literature" as an explanation of his sketchily conceived pictures of her.

He was a young Tory who tried at times to lean towards the William Morris school of Socialism, and failed. He wrote a school essay in favour of the "Abolition of War." He also started his jingo "stunting" at school. He was early addicted to cloying patriotism. Queen Victoria wasn't merely a queen—she was "Victoria, by Grace of God, our beloved Queen," and of course when the madman Maclean attempted the life of Queen Victoria on March

2nd, 1882, the young Kipling blazed up into heroics :

Such greeting as should come from those
Whose fathers faced the Sepoy hordes
Or served you in the Russian snows
And, dying, left their sons their swords.

And all are bred to do your will
By land and sea—wherever flies
The flag to fight and follow still
And frame your Empire's destinies.

This be our greeting late and coming slow,
Trust us, if need arise,
We shall not tarry with the blow.

But if we may presume to count Rudyard Kipling as a fair sample of the boys of Westward Ho ! we must place him among the berserk breed that has widened the bounds of our Empire and keeps them wide. We accept Uncle Stalky at his own estimate—he is a great man ; and we accept his creator as a great man and a great influence. It would be interesting to trace the careers of the rascally young rebels of Westward Ho ! but it is probable that most of them made good. If all of them did not find success it may be confidentially maintained that the greater number found adventure and amusement. It is possible that Georgie Porgie,¹ who loved a little Burmese girl who smoked fat cheroots and kept house for him, is a fair example of the Westward Ho ! type in after life. Kipling says that : “ when

¹See the story “ Georgie Porgie ” in *Life's Handicap*.

Georgie went to Upper Burma he had no special regard for God or man, but he knew how to make himself respected, and to carry out the mixed Military-Civil duties that fell to most men's share in those months. He did his office work and entertained, now and again, the detachments of fever-shaken soldiers who blundered through his part of the world in search of a flying party of dacoits. Sometimes he turned out and dressed down dacoits on his own account ; for the country was still smouldering and would blaze when least expected. He enjoyed these charivaris, but the dacoits were not so amused. All the officials who came in contact with him departed with the idea that Georgie Porgie was a valuable person, well able to take care of himself."

Like Georgie Porgie of the story, Kipling, after he had made up his mind never faltered and never repented. One story of his school life at Westward Ho! is a valuable sidelight on this trait in his character. "Belly" the Bully was the nickname of the Padre who also taught mathematics, a subject that found little favour with R.K.

"Belly" was a most impatient man, who did not suffer fools gladly, and those who were obtuse in the science of space and number he held in particular scorn. Often in ungovernable fury he struck out wildly with his cane, slashing at the boy-world in general and young Rudyard in particular. For two years the boy grew strongly and silently bitter under "Belly's"

method of teaching, and then came the welcome news that the man of God was leaving the college. When the news came into the form rooms the boys blazed up into wild demonstrations of delight, or at least all the boys but one. Young Kipling was strangely silent. When "Belly" preached his final sermon it was a most lachrymose affair; and he whimpered and whined and dabbed his eyes with a large pocket-handkerchief, the while asking pardon for all his past harsh dealing and cane attacks. "Belly" so far "got over" with his pleas for forgiveness that the boys after the service held a meeting and passed a resolution that the school should bear no more malice towards the departing pedagogue. When the upheld hands were being counted for the vote to grant absolution, young Kipling was seen to shoulder his way through the crowd of soft-hearted youngsters. Someone asked him why he did not join in the farewell expressions of friendliness to "Belly." "Because it's not in my nature to become friendly by being kicked," growled young Rudyard with emphasis.

We have seen that Kipling was a rebel at school—that is to say, he was an impulsive, flyaway creature who desired (and generally gained) free movement and adventure.

This outlook on life prepares us to find him a rebel in India. People remarked that he avoided dances, pony races, and other social gatherings. He appeared almost to dislike all forms of sport.

He did not wish to live the aimless life of the languid Anglo-Indian. His attitude was a perpetual challenge to the remittance man and the club lounge.

At Lahore he did not display any taste for the humdrum duties of an assistant editor. Every day he seemed to become more interested in Indian native life and manners, and his name appeared once or twice in some of the reviews in connection with certain curious items of native lore. There is reason to suppose that he often would forget to deliver the "goods"—forget to produce a news story, a leader or a report of a charity bazaar when the editor was anxiously waiting for it—and instead produce some precious poem which in spite of its brilliancy was not the kind of thing which increased the circulation of the "rag." And so it came about that, when he said adieu to the *Pioneer*, the then editor solemnly patted him on the shoulder and advised him to drop the pen and pick up some other instrument with which to carve his way to fame—a hint which young Kipling had no intention of taking. He probably chanted his own Parable of Chaggu Bhagat to himself as he hurried off to fill his next post :

The World hath set its heavy yoke
Upon the old white-bearded folk
Who strive to please the King.
God's mercy is upon the young,
God's wisdom in the baby tongue.
That fears not anything.

CHAPTER II

KIPLING'S SCHOOL AND YOUTH

MR. G. C. BERESFORD (the original M. Turk in *Stalky & Co.*) is almost the only one who knows and remembers what Kipling's boyhood was like. He tells us that his masters and schoolfellows were "blind to the fact, which was in my mind from an early period, that the curious creature who was buzzing and bubbling about them was the most precocious boy of them all, and the most likely juvenile candidate for literary honours of his period—in short, that Rudyard Kipling had a great future. Of the masters at Westward Ho! only two were among the true believers; namely, the Head and the Padre; the others expressed infidel sentiments on many occasions. King, the great King (a good writer might fill a volume about King), was a very wonderful person, both in and out of the book (*Stalky & Co.*). In fact, King is the only true character study in *Stalky & Co.*; he is perfect.

"Of the other characters, few are meant to be true character studies, and some are much magnified and glorified. Kipling has, however,

lavished all his art of many occasions on King, and has returned to depict him again and again, being loth to desert him and leave him insufficiently dealt with.

"Well, King's great historical pronouncement of Kipling's literary future was that our author and poet would 'die in an attic, a scurrilous pamphleteer.' This is mentioned in *Stalky & Co.*, in "Slaves of the Lamp," and is one of the comparatively few actual facts used in the stories. The saying was notorious, and was often quoted at the school. Kipling's return of the compliment has been to rescue King—Mr. Crofts—from oblivion."

How much of *Stalky & Co.* is autobiography, and how much is drawn from the limpid springs of the writer's imagination, give rise to a somewhat perplexing question. Some light on this matter is to be gained from the columns of the *United Services' College Magazine*, which was issued during the years that the Three Incomprehensibles waged war with the "Ancients of the College," which was from 1878 to 1882. A set of this immature little magazine realized the sum of £130 at a London auction-room some years ago. And I am told that this set and another one in the library of the College—which now has been transplanted to Harpenden, in Hertfordshire—are the only two known. However, much that is disguised in *Stalky & Co.* may be cleared up by examining the pages of the *College Magazine*. In

the first place, it is not as difficult to keep company with Stalky and his boy companions after a perusal of the little volume, for although we all admire Kipling's story, in a measure it is rather hard to agree with some of the proceedings of Stalky, Beetle, and McTurk. It must be admitted that these youths followed a code of ethics not always consistent with the honour of self-respecting English schoolboys, and that they were not specially inspired by any of that *esprit de corps*, and sense of responsibility, which is such a dominant note in most of Kipling's work. But impressions produced by the brutality and heartlessness of Stalky and his friends are somewhat toned down by the more refined and happy atmosphere of the author's *Alma Mater*, as reflected in the school journal. In the book, Master Gigadibs seems to be only happy when baiting his master, or acting as lampooner for his 'Uncle Stalky. But we find many snatches of verse from his pen in the pages of the magazine which are surcharged with humour and *bonhomie*. In the book we read of the wild antics in a pantomime played by Stalky and other boys; in the magazine, we find that the performance was really quite a creditable rendering of *The Rivals*, in which Kipling acted the part of Sir Anthony. Beetle seems to waste a good deal of time in retreat in his lair in the furze bushes, waiting for the cat that walked once too often by himself, to twine like a giddy honeysuckle above the heads

of those who had incurred the wrath of the heroic trio. But we read nothing in the book about the time he spent whilst forming the College Literary and Debating Society. The Beetle was its founder and also the first secretary. I should add that the Natural History Society, which was treated with such contempt by *Stalky & Co.*, and referred to as "The Bughunters," received the liberal assistance of the magazine during the years 1881-2, which covers the period of Kipling's editorship. The "old rag," or the *Swillingford Patriot*, as Stalky had christened it, received but scant attention in the book. It is mentioned in the last chapter, in which Beetle goes to Randall's printing office accompanied by his *confreres* to correct proofs. The printing office of the magazine can still be seen under the name of Wilson & Sons in Mill Street, and Mr. Raven Hill, who made a special study of the local colour of the district, devoted a full-page drawing to Beetle at work on the proofs in the little loft behind the shop. Beneath this drawing were quoted the words: "He saw himself already controlling *The Times*." Raven Hill's illustrations to "Stalky and Co." in the *Windsor Magazine* in 1899 should be in the hands of all true Kiplingites; to cut them out of the story in book form was a great mistake, and it is to be hoped that in a future edition they will be reproduced.

It is, of course, the fact that Kipling edited six numbers of the school magazine that has given

them their fancy price. The first effort from his pen made its appearance in the issue of June 30th, 1881, under the title of "A Devonshire Legend," and I make no doubt that two other articles came from the same pen, "Life in the Corridor" and "Concerning Swaggers." It will be recalled that the college corridor is mentioned several times in *Stalky & Co.*

Some of the efforts are headed "By Rxxxxt Bxxxxxg," and it will be noticed that Kipling has closely modelled several of his early poems on Browning, but as Mr. Adrian Margaux remarked in an article in the *Captain*,¹ "the subjects would hardly have commended themselves to the Browning Society." I must not fail, however, to draw attention to "The Jam-pot," which is delightfully droll. It tells of a fight by two boys for a pot of jam, which was smashed to shivers during the contest :

But neither of us shared
The dainty—That's your plea?
Well, neither of us cared,
I answer . . . Let me see
How have your trousers fared?

The young Kipling thus delivered himself on a college edict prohibiting the use of stoves for cooking in the studies :

The cup is devoid of its coffee,
The spoon of its sugary load,
The tablecloth guiltless of toffee,
And sorrow has seized my abode.

¹ "Famous Men at School," by Adrian Margaux (*The Captain*).

Our tasks they are as dry as the sea-sands,
Our throats they are drier than these,
No cocoa has moistened our weasands,
We taste not of Teas.

There are some interesting notes on the "Literary Society" which was founded in 1881 by Kipling in the college chronicle. They throw many sidelights on the school life. The first meeting was called to consider the proposition: "that a classical is superior to a mathematical education." Kipling spoke in the negative. The next time that his name is mentioned we read that he was in favour of a resolution which affirmed the "Advance of the Russians in Central Asia to be hostile to the British Power." Another notice records that Kipling moved a vote of censure against Mr. Gladstone's Government. This "vote" was carried by a sweeping majority, but it is rather astonishing to find that Beresford—the veritable "Uncle Stalky" of the *Stalky Book*—was one of the opposing speakers. We can imagine Beetle's glance of cold scorn when he met the eye of the "Stalky one" who, no doubt, took up that attitude to annoy "Master Gigadibs." Kipling's last speech was in support of a resolution "that total abstinence is better than the moderate use of alcohol." But the teetotalers were defeated in the end.

I do not think that Kipling is a total abstainer, and certainly his writings have not commended temperance, but after seeing two young men drug

two girls with drink at an American concert hall, and lead them reeling home, he became converted to Prohibition. Of this painful scene he has written :

Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a Prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority ; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, " There is no harm in it taken moderately " ; and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary.

The quality of that fine fooling in *Stalky & Co.* is not shown in Kipling's early taste in reading. He read Tennyson's *Defence of Lucknow* before the Society on one occasion, and later on in the term it is recorded he contributed to a meeting a recital of Bret Harte's " Concepcion de Arguello." At this time one must remember that our hero was but sixteen, and the choice of the latter poem to read before a school society, throws a very interesting sidelight on the boy that is not to be gained in *Stalky & Co.* It will be recalled that Harte's poem tells of a Spanish girl who waited forty years for a foreign lover only to

learn, in the end, that he had been killed on a journey to Russia a few weeks after the betrothal.

The only honour which Kipling received at Westward Ho! was the first prize for English literature. There is reason to suppose that he substituted Browning, Dumas, and Scott, for the more learned men who prepared books for the sole purpose of confounding boys; from the fact that he did not distinguish himself in scholarship. Stevenson's essay, "A Defence of Idlers," shows how no time is actually lost, not even that which is idled away with a book. But that is a point that is very hard to explain to ambitious parents. However, Kipling's contributions to the college chronicle plainly showed that he meant to pass a hawser to literature, and take it in tow.

It was about this time that some of his verses appeared in a local paper, and no doubt he felt like Stevenson, when he sold his first essay, "one of the most popular and successful writers in Great Britain."

Kipling did not shine in the athletic field, and it is certain that he used to bank on his physical weakness when cricket was to be evaded. Only once does his name appear in the athletic competitions, and that is an entry for a quarter of a mile flat race, and in this he was one of the last "home." Of course his short-sightedness was a great handicap to him in all out-of-door sports, but eye-trouble did not prevent him becoming

one of the best swimmers in the college, which was somewhat of an achievement at Westward Ho! where all the boys were keen swimmers.

If the testimony of "Foxy," the old drill-sergeant, can be relied upon, it seems that Kipling was not a favourite with the other boys. This ex-soldier was in the service of the college up to a few years ago, and he described Kipling, Beresford, and Dunsterville (the "terrible three" of *Stalky & Co.*) in most vivid terms. He was the victim of many pranks which are recorded in the book, and it is said that he was not very gratified with his position in English literature. If Kipling did not find himself popular with his schoolfellows, it is only natural to find that he entered into an alliance with Stalky and McTurk. The other two boys in the Triple Alliance were officers' sons.

The last visit paid by Kipling to his old school was in 1894. On July 25th of that year he journeyed to Westward Ho! in order to take part in a farewell presentation to Mr. Price, on his resignation after twenty years' headmastership. He made a short speech on this occasion, from which he evidently built up the poetical dedication to *Stalky & Co.* which was published five years after this visit. It is said that *Stalky & Co.* was written with the idea of giving the college a "leg up"; however, a few years after Kipling's visit it was transferred to the neighbourhood of London. The school-building still remains, and

has been converted into an hotel. So when you walk along the cliffs, you need not trouble to look for college boys making their way from Appledore to invade the famous tuck-shop on "Bidevoor Promenade."

In a letter which during Easter, 1898, he wrote to the editors of a schoolboys' paper, Kipling showed that there was still plenty of the fun and twaddle of the Westward Ho! days left in him. It is so characteristic of Kipling, the precocious Indian child, and Kipling as he is now, that I quote it intact :

To the EDITORS, *School Budget* :

GENTLEMEN,—I am in receipt of your letter of no date, together with copy of *School Budget*, Feb. 14, and you seem to be in possession of all the cheek that is in the least likely to do you any good in this world or the next. And, furthermore, you have omitted to specify where your journal is printed and in what county of England Horsmonden is situated. But, on the other hand, and notwithstanding, I very much approve of your "Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette," and have taken the liberty of sending you a few more as following :

1. If you have any doubts about a quantity, cough. In three cases out of five this will save you being asked to "say it again."

2. The two most useful boys in a form are : (a) the master's favourite *pro tem.* ; (b) his pet aversion. With a little judicious management (a) can keep him talking through the first part of the construe, and (b) can take up the running for the rest of the time. N.B.—A syndicate should arrange to do (b's) impots, in return for this service.

3. A confirmed guesser is worth his weight in gold on a Monday morning.

4. Never shirk a master out of bounds ; pass him with an abstracted eye, and, at the same time, pull out a letter and study it earnestly. He may think it is a commission for someone else.

5. When pursued by the native farmer, always take to the nearest ploughland. Men stick in furrows that boys can run over.

6. If it is necessary to take other people's apples, do it on a Sunday. You then put them inside your topper, which is better than trying to button them into a tight "Eton."

You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a cheque or postal order for sixpence at your convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page.

Faithfully yours,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

CAPETOWN, Easter Monday, '98.

In 1926 an autograph poem entitled "The Song of an Outsider" by Rudyard Kipling was offered for sale by Sotherby & Co. This item was apparently written on his return to India when working as a journalist. In a reminiscent mood he refers to his schooldays at the United Services College, Westward Ho !

He speaks of the Torridge Valley, the Bideford bargee and his envy of those lucky chaps who work at Westward Ho ! And how the hot winds blow, the punkahs flap incessantly, the printer calls for proof and he is condemned to read correspondents' screeds "more crabbed than Euclid's worst designs."

CHAPTER III

INDIAN DAYS

IN 1871 Kipling, with a younger sister, was in England under the care of an elderly relative in Southsea. During his stay at Southsea he is generally believed to have tasted of much bitterness, and it seems likely that he was not unmindful of his own case when he wrote the opening chapters of *The Light that Failed*, in which two Anglo-Indian children are more or less oppressed in spirit by the repressive creed of a Puritanical woman who is looking after them.

A few years later, after a visit to Paris with his father, he was entered at the United Service College at Westward Ho!, North Devon (1878). In *Stalky & Co.* he has presented a lively and minute sketch of the vigorous life he spent at the College (1878-1882).

To *T.P.'s Weekly* we owe the following story of his schooldays :

Lovers of *Stalky & Co.* will remember the description of the school at Westward Ho! with its background of "rabbit woods" and glorious vista of seascape. It was the writer's fortune recently to spend a delightful fortnight at Bideford, some three miles distant from the school, and

in many a walk to travel over the scenes immortalized in that book. A favouring planet brought me into conversation with an old rural postman, now pensioned off. Questioned as to the Westward Ho! school, he was at once agog with memories. Yes, many a time had he met the boys coming along the cliff-walk from Appledore on their way to the renowned tuck shop on "Bidevoor promenade," and he had enjoyed, and suffered from, many of their pranks, with a description of which he favoured his listener. When a suitable occasion offered, I questioned him more definitely about Kipling, and at once he gave me an account of an incident so entirely in keeping with one's idea of the author that it was impossible to doubt it for a minute. It appears that Beckwith, the aquatic expert, came to Westward Ho! to give an exhibition from the pier, which was crowded with the usual summer sightseers and a fair sprinkling of boys from the school. After some evolutions in the water the swimmer commenced a series of diving performances, and it was after a sensational dive from the top of the pier that the spectators were amazed to see a chubby, "stocky" boy run to the edge of the pier and repeat the dive with all the mannerisms of the expert. Inquiry elicited the fact that the boy was named Kipling, and it is by this incident more than any other that the Bideford people remember the now famous author. It may interest many people to know that the school buildings still stand as before, although they are now used as a hotel and boarding-house. One hopes, however, that all traces of the dead cat placed under the floor of the superciliously refined dormitory have been expunged.

An interesting observation that Rudyard Kipling derived his first name from Rudyard Lake, not far from Stoke, in Staffordshire, has been spread broadcast in English and American papers.

And in a sketch of Kipling's life, written by Professor Charles Eliot Norton and published in the *Windsor Magazine* for December, 1899, it is stated that Kipling's parents "named their first-born child after the pretty lake on the borders of which their acquaintance had begun." This biographical sketch was written for a popular American edition of Kipling's works, and it is rather curious that this statement should be allowed by Kipling in this case to stand, and yet be categorically denied by him a few years later.

Kipling's disclaimer came as a surprise, the original story being so circumstantial. But in a letter to a provincial journal he stated that it was all a beautiful dream and not a "pretty whim" of his aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, who, when her sister, Mrs. Lockwood Kipling, wrote from India announcing the birth of a son, asked that he might be called Rudyard. This repudiation of the story by the famous author was a heavy blow to a society which proposed to develop the lake as a holiday resort for Kipling pilgrims. Once again one is constrained to ask, "How do these pretty legends gain such prominence in the papers?"

At the age of seventeen Kipling returned to India and through the influence of his father took up a post on the staff of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*. The staff of this journal soon found they had an enthusiast in their midst—a youth bubbling over with enthusiasm, gaiety, and

the eternal boyishness of genius. Those who have written about Kipling's early days in India seem to me to give insufficient prominence to his gaiety and enthusiasm. It was his cardinal quality in those days. Of his child-like mirth and laughter-loving moods Mr. Kay Robinson has written :

Kipling, shaking all over with laughter and wiping his spectacles at the same time with his handkerchief, is the picture which always comes to my mind as most characteristic of him in the old days when even our hardest work on "The Rag"—for fate soon took me to Lahore to be his editor—was as full of jokes as a pomegranate of pips. Of all our journalistic feats we had most reason to be proud of our earthquake.

This earthquake occurred at about 2.30 a.m. one Sunday morning. In those days the Saturday paper, dated Monday, according to Anglo-Indian practice—for at all the stations the native newsboys offer you always "Tomorrow's paper, Sahib"—used to go to press in the small hours of Sunday morning to catch the Bombay and Calcutta mail trains. It was always practically finished by midnight, and only one page remained "open" for telegrams. On this occasion we had spent the hours from midnight till half-past two at the club, which was emptied by that time of revellers, and returned to the bungalow, when we both noticed a slight tremor as of an earthquake, so in went a brief paragraph in the paper, announcing a "slight earthquake" at Lahore. Not another soul in any part of the Punjab or India felt that earthquake, and the Government observatory knew nothing of it. It was our own private and special earthquake, and we treasure its memory. After the last English earthquake Kipling wrote :

This here English journalism isn't what it's cracked

up to be. They can't have an earthquake in England without taking up two columns of *The Times*. . . . Now, I remember the time when you and I could just make an earthquake, same as the Almighty, slip it into the "local" at 3 a.m. of a Sunday morning, and go to bed with the consciousness we'd done our duty by the proprietors.

Of his newspaper experiences in India Kipling has told us in his short story, "The Man who would be King." The office could not have been a bed of roses in those pitchy black nights, when the red-hot wind from the westward was booming among the tinder-dry trees, when, as he tells us :

It was a shade cooler in the press-room than the office, so I sat there while the type ticked and clicked, and the night-jars hooted at the windows, and the all but naked compositors wiped the sweat from their foreheads and called for water.

When he was in his twenty-second year he became assistant editor of the *Pioneer* at Allahabad, and remained in this post from 1887 to 1889. Thus it will be noticed that many of his best short stories were written when he was in his teens, and certain characters in them have since become world famous, notably Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd.

The King's Dragoon Guards and many other famous regiments then quartered at Rawal Pindi must have passed the headquarters of the *Civil and Military Gazette* on their way to the Delhi manœuvres in 1885, and no doubt young Kipling,

with his perpetual interest in the spectacle of life, seized upon many ideas for stories and poems from these surroundings. His clear vision, and the energy massed in a torrent sweeping all before it, is manifested in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, published in Calcutta, 1888. Of these forty short stories, twenty-eight made their first appearance in the *Civil and Military Gazette*. As early as 1886 his name was well known in India.

A very curious and interesting unpublished MS., written by Kipling forty-five years ago, throws some light on the difficulty the author met with in getting his work before the public. The following is a description of this important early MS., earlier in date than any of his published stories, and it is noteworthy that Kipling, the extremely crafty and careful man of letters, should have once had to invoke the aid of a second person to "improve" his story and get it published.

At the Pit's Mouth: Personal Recollections of . . . translated from his Diary by R.K., 7 pp. small 4to and 5 pp. 8vo., 12 pp. in all, 1884; written for the most part in two parallel columns, that on the right hand containing the Story, headed "Personal Narrative," that on the left, under the heading of "Digressions," being instructions and suggestions to the party to whom the MS. was sent for its improvement and enlargement before publication; in these notes Mr. Kipling explains the character of the two people in the story; one paragraph is headed "Note by the Editor," and the Editor is supposed to "translate" the "Journal." One of the "Digressions" consists of a "Note" by "Agnes Festin," the lady in the story, on the man in the story; this is purposely written in a disguised

"female" hand; another Note reads, "Work this up to any extent, in the style of Mrs. Oliphant's *Beleaguered City*"; another reads, "Embroider this as much as you will, also the scene later on, where they dance at the Benmore Ball and flirt in the balconies, R.K."; the end note is headed "Summary by the Translator."

Part of the MS. and a few blots on the first page are written in red ink, which we are informed was intended to represent blood, but which the writer speaks of as "some fluid," "possibly wine."

The following is the history of this curious MS.—Mr. Kipling was at the time engaged on an Indian paper, and after writing the Story gave it to a lady author, to "embroider" and get published.

With the MS. are 3 letters signed by Mr. Kipling (body of letters typed), dating from Nov. 24th, 1911, to Dec. 18th, 1914, addressed to the same lady, in answer to her application for permission to publish the story, in which he says "I cannot recall the MS., but I do not see my way to give permission for the publication of work written by me more than a generation ago . . . If . . . it would be convenient to you to dispose of the MS. at this moment I will . . . send you a cheque in exchange." The other letters show that the lady wanted to interview Mr. Kipling, and that he avoided doing so—a further letter from his secretary says that he is away from home. Another letter is included from a friend who writes "R.K. gave you the MS. with intent that you should use it for publication. He means immediate publication, and not after many years"—etc.

Seven pages of the MS. have a small round hole, burnt purposely (we are informed) by the end of a cigarette, and also two small pieces cut out, rendering a few words defective, and 4 of the pages are slightly defective at the corners.

The tenour of the Story is that a man falls in love with a married woman; the day before the proposed elopement, the man dreams that they both meet with a fatal accident:

in the dream they are able to watch their own dead bodies (which are very fully described) carried away, and listen to their friends' discussion on the accident, *cum multis aliis*.

On one of the pages are two small diagrams to illustrate the "bank" on Simla Mall where the accident occurred.

Mr. E. K. Robinson, who was formerly Kipling's editor at Lahore, contributed to *McClure's Magazine* (July, 1896) an interesting paper giving his reminiscences of his famous assistant. The friendship dated back for ten years, and when he first met Kipling he was not particularly impressed by his appearance, but he draws attention to the fact that he was even then a brilliant conversationalist. Mr. Robinson says that he conversed in a somewhat jerky manner, and his movements were rather sudden and eccentric; this, added to a stoop acquired through much bending over the office desk, did not give one a very favourable impression. But those who worked with him had noticed his steeling traits, and were impressed by a light which flashed behind the spectacles. It was a light that was suggestive of a good deal of power and sterling character. He was an untiring worker, and slaved industriously at the drudgery of the newspaper work without protest.

There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work which I really must mention, namely, the amount of ink he used to throw about. In the heat of summer, white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog.

He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the inkpot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly. When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connexion with the contents of the paper a dozen times in the morning, I had to shout to him to "stand off"; otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a *full* pen in his hand—flying over me. Driving, or sometimes walking, home to breakfast in the light attire plentifully besprinkled with ink, his spectacled face peeping out under an enormous mushroom-shaped pith hat, Kipling was a quaint-looking object.

It may be said that Kipling was a born nomad in search of wisdom, and it must be added that he occasionally stumbled upon that quality in outlandish nooks and corners. By the road, carpeted with the fine white dust of thousands of camels and horses, which leads from the Fort at Lahore across the River Ravi, there are numerous *caravanserais*, and the foul smells which rise from them are some of the most loathsome in the East—something between the reek of the Moham-medan Quarter in Jerusalem and the smell of a Chinese village. But Kipling's insatiable craving for knowledge at the age of twenty led him through dubious byways, and he would often be found in these pestiferous khans with travellers from Bokhara and Badakshan, drinking in their weird tales, and taking notes for that remarkable tale of native life, *Mother Maturin*, which he was then planning. He had related to some of his

friends in a convincing manner the germ-idea of this book, but it was never completed. In 1886 Kipling had 350 foolscap pages of its manuscript in a "bruised tin box," but what became of it is a mystery. But possibly the film play outlined in Chapter VIII was partly founded on the early record of native India.

Under a peepul tree overhanging a well by the Fort road squatted daily a ring of almost naked fakirs, hideously smeared with paint. Here the European could for a few small coins witness some of the tricks of Indian jugglers—tricks that were little short of marvellous. One of their favourite "stunts" was swallowing rough iron balls about an inch in diameter. The fakir swallowed one, and its downward progress could be noted by the round lump which ripped along the outside of his throat. Then he would swallow a second iron "pill," but the ball would stick half-way down. However, the third followed, and the fakir, after dancing in a frenzied manner, would take a bound into the air, landing sharply on his feet and making the three balls click as they came into contact with each other. The painful ordeal of forcing the balls up his throat again is too disgusting to describe, and was a most distressing sight. Should any European get too inquisitive over the method of the fakirs in their magic he would be met with silence and cold suspicion, for they never explained their tricks. However, when Kipling

arrived there was, if he desired it, a place in the fakirs' enclosure, and any information he asked for was willingly given. Kipling had wonderful insight into the singular manners and customs of Eastern life, and all the sorcery of the religious mendicants was an open book to him. I am at this point reminded of the story of how Kipling performed the famous Indian needle trick. Of course, he has no way of protecting himself from being forcibly made sponsor for anecdotes; and the reader is cautioned against accepting this one which passed the rounds of the Indian Press. However, I give it for what it is worth.

A young lady admirer, it seems, was discussing the marvels of Indian jugglers with R.K. at a bazaar in aid of charity at Lahore. "But," she cried, "it is all trickery, and anyone with a sharp eye could discover their tricks with ease." Thereupon Kipling asked for a packet of needles, and taking up half a dozen, swallowed them (or appeared to do so), and then followed them with a length of silk thread, the end of which remained between his lips. He pulled the thread, and out it came threaded through the eyes of the needles. The young lady looked from R.K. to the needles dangling on the thread in amazement.

He smiled pleasantly and drawled out: "Now don't you give the secret of that trick away. The fakirs taught me that, and they don't like their magic explained to the infidels."

In 1888 we gather that Kipling was going "all

out" to write something that should make his name talked of in London. Let us see what he says of himself at this date in his introduction to the first edition of *In Black and White*. This is a side-light on Kipling which has apparently been overlooked by the majority of readers. As it will be remembered, the introduction is supposed to be from the pen of Kadir Baksh, Kipling's native factotum. We learn from him that it was the custom of the *Sahib* to write far into the night. So R.K. was burning the midnight oil at the age of twenty-two! But it is doubtful if all his fame and wealth have ever purchased anything better than the peculiar magic of those early days in India when he was living the delightfully do-as-you-please life of the literary cub. This, too, was the great creative period of his life, and, so far as literary finish is concerned, *Plain Tales from the Hills* leaves little to be acquired. Rudyard Kipling at twenty-two had shown all the tricks in the wizard's cabinet, and in *Plain Tales* the work is almost as crafty and varied as anything that afterwards came from their author's pen. So here was Kipling, urged forward by his intense energy, and exulting in the consciousness of turning out good work, living a delightfully Bohemian existence. The perfect intoxication of the joy of "work for work's sake"—Kipling's chosen text—afterwards led him to enlarge upon this vital and moving theme in the best volume he has written—*The Day's Work*. Yes, these

were halcyon days—days of happiness, if not of prosperity. Kadir Baksh speaks of his *Sahib's* carelessness over the housekeeping and money matters. Young Odin cared for none of these things ! There was no bill that could not be honoured with the golden mintage of youth !

I am head of the *Sahib's* household and hold his purse, he says. Without me he does not know where are his rupees or his clean collars. So great is my power over the *Sahib* and the love that he bears to me ! Have I ever told the *Sahib* about the customs of servants or black men ? Am I a fool ? I have said "very good talk" upon all occasions. I have cut always smooth wristbands with scissors, and timely warned him of the passing away of his tobacco that he might not be left smokeless upon a Sunday. More than this I have not done. The *Sahib* cannot go out to dinner lacking my aid. How then should he know aught that I did not tell him ? Certainly Nabi Baksh is a liar.

None the less this is a book, and the *Sahib* wrote it, for his name is in it and it is not his washing-book.

In 1889 Kipling was sent to England by the *Pioneer*, to which he promised to contribute his impressions of travel. He touched Japan, San Francisco, and New York on his way to the mother-country, and his experience may be read in *Letters of Marque* and *From Sea to Sea*. In the autumn of this year we find him established in London, where he published *Barrack Room Ballads* a year or so later, of which *The Times* remarked : "Unmistakable genius rings in every line."

Robert Barr, writing in the *Idler* for May, 1909, gives a sidelight on Rudyard Kipling, the young journalist, fighting for position in the London crowd.

Barr visited Kipling at his rooms in Villiers Street and divulged his plans for a new magazine. The young author took to the idea at once, and with that prompt energy which characterized him, he produced pens and paper and started to sketch out a cover for the magazine. We know that Kipling can produce very creditable black and white sketches when he likes. Readers of *Just So Stories* do not need to be told that he is an artist of quite an uncommon order. Although his father was an art master by profession, he is said to be quite without any training in this work. "He liked doing things his own way," writes one who knew him at school, "and if he wanted to make a hill square, and cover it with vermilion grass, he would do it." A sketch of "A Tiger's Head," by Kipling, published in the *Strand Magazine*, shows that he could at times observe convention and nature at the same time.

Kipling's sketch for Robert Barr's magazine represented a statue, the real face of which wore a tragic expression, while the mask which the statue held up grinned humorously at the public. Kipling at that time had been burning the midnight oil and generally overworking himself. On his table he had graved the words: "Oft

was I weary when I toiled at thee"—the motto which the galley-slave carried on his oar. He told Mr. Barr that as he "worked late, a phantom of himself had formed the disquieting habit of sitting down opposite him at the desk of weariness," and this he "regarded as a sign to knock off." Kipling refused the editorship of the *Idler*, but he contributed the following articles and stories to their journal: "My First Book," "My Sunday at Home," "Primum Tempus," "The Legs of Sister Ursula," "The Ship that Found Herself," and "The Story of Ung."

Robert Barr had a Kipling sea-story in view when he started the series of *Tales of our Coast*. They were to start off with Clark Russell and end up with Kipling. Harold Frederic contributed a most striking Irish sea sketch, and "There is Sorrow on the Sea" came from Parker's pen. Eric Mackay wrote a poem to introduce the series which was illustrated by Frank Brangwyn. The third story, "The Roll Call of the Reef," was by "Q." Kipling's story did not arrive in time, but it appeared during the same year, and was illustrated by T. Walter Wilson. Kipling's connection with this most cosmopolitan magazine must have been a very valuable experience, for a galaxy of budding talent had gathered around its ideal editor, Jerome K. Jerome. In the *Idler* such writers as W. W. Jacobs, Anthony Hope, Zangwill, and W. L. Alden, the great American humorist, received with welcome admission long

before the other journals looked upon their work as "valuable copy."

A long voyage to South Africa, Australia, Ceylon, and New Zealand took up most of his time in 1891, and when he returned he met Wolcott Balestier, a young American author belonging to a family well known in the literary circles of New York. At the same time he became acquainted with Balestier's sister, Caroline, whom he married in 1892. During the years 1892-1896 the young couple made their home at Brattleboro, Vt., U.S.A., which gave Kipling the chance to gather the information about the New England fishermen, which he uses in *Captains Courageous*, *Many Inventions*, the *Jungle Books*, and certain poems in *The Seven Seas* were also written or planned there.

In 1896 Kipling again came to England, and he settled at Rottingdean in 1898. He went on a cruise with the navy in the home waters in 1897, and again in 1898, giving his notes on the trips "A Fleet in Being," which appeared in the *Morning Post*. In 1900 he was with his beloved troops in South Africa, and was present with Bennet Burleigh on March 29th, during the fight at Karree Siding. He also acted as an associate editor of the *Friend*, a Bloemfontein journal edited by the war correspondents with Lord Roberts' troops. He wrote for this paper "The Log and King Stork" (March 24th, 1900), "The Elephant and the Lark's Nest" (March 26th,

1900), "The Persuasive Pom-Pom," "Vain Horses," and other items. "A Song of the White Man," which Julian Ralph states in *War's Brighter Side*¹ was written to be read at a dinner in Canada, appeared in the issue of April 2nd, 1900.

Of the later incidents of Kipling's career there is little need to write; they have been brought before the notice of the public by the Press of England and America with unfailing regularity.

Let one fact be noted, that Kipling has done as much as any man to encourage and interest the nation in dirigibles and aeroplanes, and perhaps his story, "The Night Mail," is much more than a mere scrap of fiction. In any case, one cannot help being profoundly impressed by the reality of its prophecies. In this story the reader is enabled to realize the very same "atmosphere" of Aerial Liner travel that the men of the R34 dirigible experienced during their journey to America and back. Air-Commodore E. M. Maitland has written in his log of the journey that he read "The Night Mail" fifty times, and every time he read it he was amazed at the exactness of Kipling's technical comments. In such a story as this Kipling has created the undersong of the huge airship's engines, and we know that his machinery is alive and perfect in his eyes. His story is so charged with the whiff of petrol that it seems the least important thing about him that he should be

¹ Published in 1901 (Pearson).

a literary man. In a footnote to his *Log of H.M.A. R34* (Hodder & Stoughton) Air-Commodore Maitland remarks the story was written in 1909, and in it Kipling "chose Trinity Bay as the point where his westward-bound aerial liner of the future first strikes land." Then, ten years later, when the first aircraft did actually cross the Atlantic from East to West, the land was first sighted at this same Trinity Bay. In a letter to Air-Commodore Maitland, Kipling wrote ; "There was not anyone who was more earnestly and unbrokenly interested while your voyage was under way ; and if I had only known any saint who could have been trusted with the direction of our higher atmospheric interests at that time, I should have besieged him with offerings."

CHAPTER IV

LONDON DAYS AND LONDON WAYS

BEHIND the phantasmagoria of London faces and ceaseless traffic of the Strand lies the retired *cul-de-sac* now known as Buckingham Street, but formerly named York Buildings. It is one of those secluded little backwaters which abound in London, missed by the sweeping tide of grey limestone and latticed steel girders, and left to itself amidst the restless ebb and flow of human life that swarms up Villiers Street every morning and withdraws every night—within sound of that unceasing hum which has been compared with the “roaring loom of Time.” At the end of Buckingham Street, once washed by the ebb and flow of Father Thames, but now hiding under the raised stonework of the Embankment, stands the Water Gate.

This was built in 1624 by James I, Duke of Buckingham, who obtained York Place, then standing on the site of this and the adjacent streets, and formed plans for sumptuously rebuilding it. The Water Gate was the only part of his proposed additions which was completely

carried out. On the side facing the river are the Duke's arms, and on the side towards Buckingham Street the Villiers' motto, "FIDEI COTICULA CRUX"—"The cross is the Touchstone of Faith." It now serves to show the height to which the Embankment has been set up since the stairs at its base were washed by the river.

It is a peaceful place, for the street is a *cul-de-sac* for vehicles and undisturbed save by an occasional taxi-cab cautiously chugging down to drop a fare. The strollers are few, and the average Londoner leaves it to its residents and the sparrows. Here, under the shadow of the old Water Gate, I have elected to commence my pilgrimage to Kipling's former London haunts.

If we descend the steps which lead down to the Water Gate and turn to the right along York Terrace, we shall soon come out into Villiers Street. The corner block of flats, Embankment Chambers, now No. 43, but formerly No. 19, was Rudyard Kipling's first London home. Here he lived from 1889 to 1891. Opposite under the Charing Cross Station arches was old Gatti's Music Hall, which later became a picture palace. In 1876 the Gatti's were ice-cream vendors, and hired one of the arches for a hokey-pokey stall, and afterwards opened a swagger restaurant and music hall. The restaurant still survives. Benoist, Lyons and Lipton were just budding. I remember one of my schoolfellows at University

College School was the son of the first Benoist . . . that was about 1897.

It was the custom at Gatti's Restaurant to allow those people who dined there to pass through a special corridor into the music hall without further charge. This was also the custom of the Oxford Music Hall in the early days when the floor space was filled with tables and chairs in the style of a café chantant.

The scenes from his windows in Embankment Chambers made the drive and stir of much of Kipling's life during his London period, and later they made the background of his memories in various stories. The "Gatti's" of Kipling's time has gone, but there is a memory of it in *My Great and Only*, which tells how its author wrote a music-hall song which was sung at some small hall near the Strand. It is almost certain that this was Gatti's under the dark arches. The story was published in the *Civil and Military Gazette* in 1890, which points to the fact that Kipling was still selling original work to second-rate journals at this period. His early London days, it must be presumed, were not rewarded with any surplus cash. The story opens at the time in the eighteen 'nineties when there was a crusade against the immorality of the music halls.

The author visits various theatres which are supposed to be free from vulgarity and inane pantomime, but discovers that certain of the

plays are full of Nudities and Lewdities discussed in false-palate voices and at others he observes "men and women who live and move and behave according to rules which in no sort regulate human life." On the whole the author finds that the theatres are more vulgar than the halls and remarks "some human beings can be more vulgar in the act of discussing etchings, conditions of luxury, or their own emotions, than other human beings employed in swearing at each other across the street."

On the other hand the narrator finds that the halls give wisdom and fair entertainment for sixpence—"ticket good for four pen'orth of inky portet"—and that the people who listen are respectable folk living under very grey skies who "derive all the light side of their life, the food for their imagination, and the crystallized expression of their views on Fate and Nemesis, from the affable ladies and gentlemen singers."

It may be an indiscretion to assume that the story is autobiographical, but the conviction is forced home on the reader when the Great Idea is born and the narrator decides to write a song "full of elementary truths and humour"—a song for the "Great Heart of the People"—four hundred "when the hall is full, sir." Again, Kipling is seen pulling the strings of a marionette narrator when he says: "What if the redcoats did not muster in their usual strength when my song is produced. O my friends, never in your



KIPLING'S OLD LONDON CHAMBERS

Here he wrote *The Light That Failed*. Embankment Chambers formed the background for several scenes in this novel, and many of his early short stories

songs and dramas forget the redcoat. He has sympathy and enormous boots."

The narrator writes the song after studying the ways of soldiers and cooks and patrolling many miles of the pitiless pavements of Blackfriars, Lambeth and the Old Kent Road to make sure of his subject. Afterwards he finds the "Great and Only"—a professional music-hall singer of the old school with a voice like a bull, who says the verses are just the thing he has been looking for. He elaborates a step-dance which exactly elucidates the text and puts the song over with a jingle of brazen spurs and a forage cap over his left eye. Thus :

At the back o' Knightsbridge Barricks,
When the fog was a-gathering dim,
The Lifeguard talked to the Undercook,
And the girl she talked to 'im.

The next four lines hugely tickled the house, and it roared delightedly. "Ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-ting-ling!" went the spurs of the Great and Only, and the hoof-beats of the redcoats in the gallery added several horsepower to the volume and momentum of the song and lively air of the orchestra. Then came the chorus :

You may make a mistake when you're mashing a tart,
But you'll learn to be wise when you're older,
And don't try for things that are out of your reach,
And that's what the girl told the soldier, soldier,
soldier,
And that's what the girl told the soldier.

The smashing, bashing, crashing orchestra . . . the Great and Only roaring at the audience to join in . . . then the whole house hooked, gaffed and netted, by the saucy Cockney "bounce" of the song. The Great and Only had got his "stuff over the footlights," and the narrator "envied no one—not even Shakespeare." In the parlance of the time the song "was up to snuff and a bit over, not 'arf."

As the song progresses it reveals the decline of the Undercook's affection for the redcoat and her subsequent marriage to a man in the poultry line "that lives at 'Ighgate 'Ill."

The final chorus runs :

Oh, think o' my song when you're goin' it strong
An' your boots is too little to 'old yer ;
An' don't try for things that is out of your reach,
An' that's what the girl told the soldier,
An' that's what the girl told the soldier, soldier,
SO-HOLDIER ! "

The story ends with Kipling's reflection on the chances of a new vogue in the songs of the music-hall. He suggests that the age needs some man who will rise up and sing London songs with an almost physical exuberance of strength . . . "some man from Bermondsey, Battersea or Bow and he will be coarse, but clear-sighted, hard but infinitely humorous, speaking the people's tongue, steeped in their lives and telling them in swinging urging, dinging verse what it is that their inarticulate lips would express, . . ."

Then all the little poets and literary dandies with sweet fawn-like eyes who pretend they know the pulse of the people "will scuttle away like rabbits."

Looking over the story one is inclined to think that London was Kipling's literary crisis, and that at this time the orchestra of his imagination was seeking out the rich stores of London life to play upon. He may have entertained some idea of becoming the laureate of Cockaigne rather than the laureate of the Empire. But we are thankful that the sphinx-like spirit of London did not claim him completely, for in that case it is unlikely that his excursions into the fairyland of Indian life and mysticism would have advanced far beyond *Plain Tales from the Hills*. We might have missed *Kim* and the *Jungle Books*.

Embankment Chambers are red brick, not more than fifty years old; a solid, plain structure built for revenue only. Rudyard Kipling lived on the fifth floor in rooms Nos. 16, 17, and 18. His workroom looked over the Embankment, which gave him a background for several scenes in *The Light that Failed*, a book written in these chambers. Dick Helder, as readers of Kipling's novel will remember, came to his friend Torpenhow when he was "down and out" and found sanctuary with the kindly war correspondent in his London habitat. Kipling owes to Embankment Chambers his idea of the appearance of Dick Helder's rooms, and the description of his

chambers in the novel agrees more or less approximately in geographical relation with No. 43 Villiers Street. We read that Dick Helder occupied a "large room that took up a third of a top storey in the rickety chambers overlooking the Thames." This room is in the seventh storey, and as Kipling described it then, it remains to-day, allowing for a little literary juggling which is a novelist's privilege. The chambers are *not* "rickety," nor are they grimy. The gas has now been ousted by electric light, otherwise the description is apt :

A pale yellow sun shone through the skylight and showed the much dirt of the place. Three steps led from the door to the landing, and three more to Torpenhow's room. The wall of the staircase disappeared into darkness, pricked by tiny gas-jets, and there were sounds of men talking and doors slamming seven flights below, in the warm gloom.

"Do they give you a free hand here?" said Dick cautiously. He was Ishmael enough to know the value of liberty.

"Anything you like : latch-keys and licence unlimited. We are permanent tenants for the most part here. 'Tisn't a place I would recommend for a Young Men's Christian Association, but it will serve. I took these rooms for you when I wired."

Through the courtesy of the Rev. E. A. Leslie Clarke, the occupant of rooms 16, 17, and 18, I was enabled to look over Kipling's old chambers. They are small rooms, overlooking Embankment Gardens at the back and Gatti's old Music Hall in

the front. The river view shows a thousand noble moods and expressions of London. Beyond Cleopatra's Needle and Waterloo Bridge, soaring up over smoke-stacks and church steeples is St. Paul's "irrelevantly beautiful and altogether remote," and on the opposite shore of the river is an old landmark, the "Shot Tower," a tall brick shaft which is still used by a firm of lead merchants. It was from a window in Kipling's workroom that Dick Helder leaned into the darkness, watching the greater darkness of London below him :

The chambers stood much higher than the other houses, commanding a hundred chimneys—crooked cowls that looked like sitting cats as they swung round, and other uncouth brick and zinc mysteries supported by iron stanchions and clamped by S-pieces. Northward the lights of Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square threw a copper-coloured glare above the black roofs, and southward lay all the orderly lights of the Thames. A train rolled out across one of the railway bridges, and its thunder drowned for a minute the dull roar of the streets. The Nilghai looked at his watch and said shortly, "That's the Paris night mail. You can book from here to St. Petersburg if you choose."

It was at this window that Torpenhow nudged Dick, waved his hand towards the lights of London and said : "Good place to bank in—bad place to bunk in," to which Dick answered : "My God, what a city to loot !"

When Dick Helder is suffering from swelled head, and the Nilghai writes an adverse criticism

on his pot-boilers, the artist snatches the manuscript, tears it small, and throws it down "the dark well of the staircase." A lift now fills the "dark well," but in Kipling's time he had to "leg it" up five flights, in the same way that the Nilghai laboured up them in *The Light that Failed*.

Kipling's story *The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot* is his only excursion into the East End of London. In it he has caught the undercurrents, unrest, and brutality of its low life, and worked into it, as a kind of soothing leaven, a poignant quality; an expression of dim heroism and exalted despair. Perhaps this story shows the influence of London over Kipling as a writer more surely than any other part of his work. It was written in Villiers Street at a period when he had just arrived from India, and one feels that while writing it the author, as one passing through a strange palingenesis, was becoming a permanent part of the great city to which he had returned to seek fame and fortune. London lost little time in claiming him, and demanding a place in his literary vision. That is always the way with London; it will not allow anyone to ignore it. However, Babylon had a quick-witted disciple in young Kipling, for his wanderings and adventures over the seven seas enabled him to return to the hub of the Empire with eyes sharpened by exile, and heart in tune with London's fourth dimension which can only be perceived by

the blood and tissue of her own children.

I cannot give the space to an outline of the story of Badalia, but it suggests in every line that the young author is completely fascinated by London . . . fascinated by her titanic cruelty and abounding bravery.

The story concerns Badalia Herodsfoot, a courageous coster girl of Gunnison Street, E., and her blackguardly husband who took on with another woman, and stifled his wife's protests with blows and kicks. It abounds with lines descriptive of East End life which live in the memory, as they live in the magic printed page. Nobody has given a better glimpse of drunken madness with its dumb, gnawing confusion of the brain :

Then Tom took more drink till his drunkenness rolled back and stood off from him as a wave rolls back and stands off the wreck it will swamp. He reached the traffic-polished black asphalte of a side-street and trod warily among the reflections of the shop-lamps that burned in gulfs of pitchy darkness, fathoms beneath his boot-heels. He was very sober indeed. Looking down his past, he beheld that he was justified of all his actions so entirely and perfectly that if Badalia had in his absence dared to lead a blameless life he would smash her for not having gone wrong.

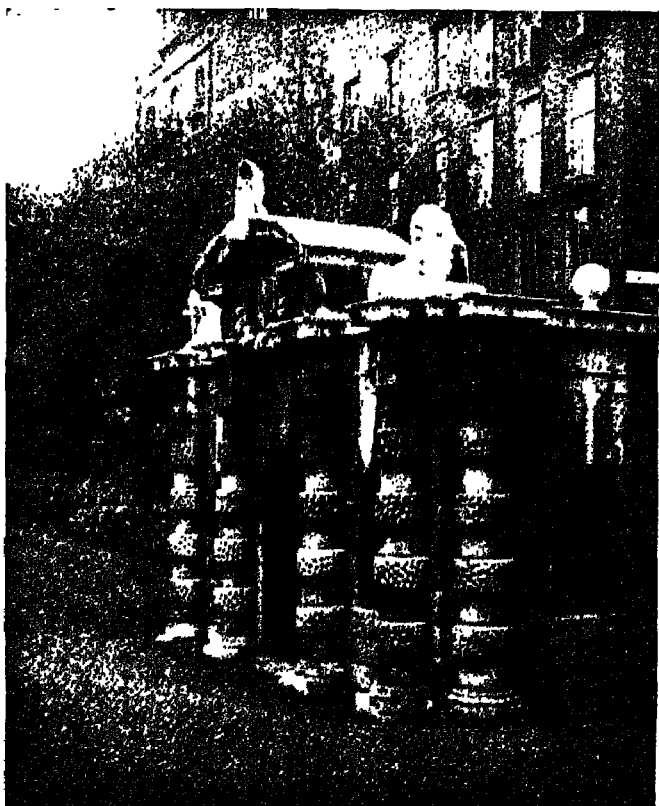
No Londoner will cavil at the impressiveness of a "traffic-polished black asphalte" where the reflections of shop-lamps "burned in gulfs of pitchy darkness"; no Londoner will fail to

recognize the true coster speech and spirit in Badalia :

She did for herself with a mangle, some tending of babies, and an occasional sale of flowers. This latter trade is one that needs capital, and takes the vendor very far westward, insomuch that the return journey from, let us say, the Burlington Arcade to Gunnison Street, E., is an excuse for drink, and then, as Badalia pointed out, "You come 'ome with your shawl arf off of your back, an' your bonnick under your arm, and the price of nothing-at-all in your pocket, let alone a slop takin' care o' you."

The streets mentioned by Kipling in *Badalia Herodsfoot* are : Gunnison Street, Hennessy's Rents, Roomer Terrace, Painters' Aliey, and Houghton Street. I have only been able to identify Houghton Street, which still exists near Aldwych. It is certain that the East End topography in this story is not intended to be accurate, as I have searched old directories back to 1800 for the above-mentioned streets, but have not been successful in placing the story in any definite locality.

Kipling never possessed any particular affection for London ; he only tolerated her while he was climbing his ladder to fame. In many of his sketches written at Embankment Chambers, and published in *The Pioneer Mail* in 1890, he frankly admits that London plunged his soul into the abominable, and he frequently wandered about in the fog looking for old friends from India. The Horse Guards Parade was one of his haunts . . .
"by the way, if you stand long enough between



THE WATER GATE BELOW KIPLING'S OLD FLAT IN
VILLIERS STREET

the mounted sentries—the men who look like reflectors stolen from Christmas trees—you will presently meet every human being you ever knew in India. When I am not happy—that is to say, once a day, I run off and play on the pavement in front of the Horse Guards.”¹

He missed the boisterous comradeship of his coevals in India ; he missed the “ morning ablaze above the mango-tops and half Bengal new-washed with sunlight ” ; he missed the club where he dined marvellously for a quarter of what the London club charged ; he missed the squabbles, the new romances of Simla, and the azure and Oriental jests of the Mussulman servants ; he missed the Anglo-Indian slang on the tip of everyone’s tongue ; he missed “ smooth-cut Indian lawns in the gloaming ; and tables spread under mighty trees and little fat owls chuckling in the bougainvilleas . . . and everybody saying the most awful things about everybody else, but prepared to do anything for anybody else just the same.”

The actual whirl of London left Kipling cold. Literary gatherings and “ teas ” he avoided like the plague ; the stove-pipe hat was like Luke’s iron crown to him ; and the conventional morning coat was a *peine forte et dure* strangling every bright inspiration. The long-haired things of the studios irritated him :

¹ See “ The Three Young Men,” in *Abaft the Funnel*, by Rudyard Kipling. New York ; D. W. Dodge & Co., 1909.

But I consort with long-haired things
In velvet collar-rolls,
Who talk about the Aims of Art,
And "theories" and "goals,"
And moo and coo with women-folk
About their blessed souls.

But that they call "psychology"
Is lack of liver pill,
And all that blights their tender souls,
Is eating till they're ill,
And their chief way of winning goals
Consists in sitting still.

The above verses are from a Kipling poem hitherto not printed in England. It was written at Embankment Chambers and published by an Indian paper in 1890. The poem is called "In Partibus" which hints that Kipling means: "In the land of the infidels." It is a smashing denunciation of London with its slatternly fogs, its frowsily supine "slaveys," its "miles of seething vice," its forlorn interiors and obscure areas. It perhaps was not too much of an exaggeration in 1890; but since that date London has been greatly "cleaned up" and improved with splendid buildings.

Sings Kipling, pining for the Indian sun:

The buses run to Battersea,
The buses run to Bow,
The buses run to Westbourne Grove,
And Notting Hill also;
But I am sick of London Town,
From Shepherd's Bush to Bow.

The sky a greasy soup-toureen,
Shuts downs atop my brow.
Yes I have sighed for London Town
And I have got it now:
And half of it is fog and filth,
And half is fog and row.

I cannot tell when dawn is near,
Or when the day is done,
Because I always see the gas
And never see the sun,
And now, methinks, I do not care
A cuss for either one.

CHAPTER V

LAME TALES FROM THE QUILLS

(A Medley of Kipling Anecdotes)

NOT always true are the anecdotes that have been printed regarding Rudyard Kipling, although some have been well authenticated. Other anecdotes are elegant fables from Fleet Street and I fear that Rudyard Kipling has not even a bowing acquaintance with them. It is a singular thing to observe how such tales grow and grow even more insistent. Thus a few months ago there was the story of the American who visited England with his two sons to do the national "relics." Shakespeare's birthplace and Westminster Abbey were duly visited, and then "poppa" said that Kipling was the next sight on his list. Accordingly they called at his London home (Kipling does not possess one!) and bearded him on his doorstep.

"Are you Mr. Rudyard Kipling?" demanded the American.

Mr. Kipling nodded his head.

"Boys, this is the great Mr. Kipling."

"And is this where you write your books?"

Again Mr. Kipling nodded an assurance.

"Boys, this is where Mr. Kipling writes," said the American, and before Mr. Kipling could remonstrate the party were rushing away to see the next "relic" on the list.

Another story has acquired what we may call a "prescriptive right" in the Kipling anecdote. It appeared in an old biography of Drake, which was written before Kipling's birth, but it survives a criticism which should have been absolutely destructive, and even *The New York Herald Tribune* printed it in 1928. This is the *Herald's* version :

On their way home to put young Rudyard to school in England, the elder Kipling succumbed to the weather and went below. There he was disturbed by an alarmed ship's officer, who banged on his door and shouted : " Mr. Kipling, your boy has climbed out on the yard-arm. If he lets go, he's done."

"Yes, but he won't let go," sighed Kipling senior, and stayed where he was.

Here is a characteristic rhyme which was freely bandied about among a certain section of London literary men :

Will there never come a season
Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
And an unmelodious verse ;
When the world shall cease to wonder
At the genius of an Ass,
And a boy's eccentric blunder
Shall not bring success to pass ;

When mankind shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be shivered
Into countless smithereens ;
When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute, beside a muzzled bore ;
When the Rudyards cease from Kipling
And the Haggards Ride no more ?

Mr. S. S. McClure (founder of *McClure's Magazine*) says that he always found Kipling courteous and cordial. He also relates how, when he met Kipling in London, the famous author reminded him at a previous meeting in America he "had talked *McClure's Magazine* to him for eight solid hours." And Kipling suffered the "shop" of the enthusiastic publisher without protest ! He only remarked, "McClure, your business is dealing in brain features."

It is stated from a quarter which should be well informed that Kipling is a tolerant, appreciative novel-reader, and has a great enthusiasm for "shilling shockers." He has a large respect for Guy Boothby's books, which cannot be placed far above the average pot-boiler. Kipling once asked McClure whether he had ever read "David Harum." The publisher replied : "No. He's dead."

Kipling was tickled by the astute American's outlook on literature, and said : "That's right, McClure. The mark of genius is to eliminate the unnecessary."

It is interesting to learn that Kipling received 25,000 dollars for the rights of *Kim* when it was serialized in *McClure's Magazine*, although when the author stopped at New York on his way to England, a few years before, he was unable to find a publisher at any price. He submitted all his wonderful range of early work to Harper Bros., of New York, who rejected the whole parcel. It is said that the young author was so indignant that he tried no other American publisher. After he returned to London, he wrote *The Light that Failed*, and Lippincotts paid him 800 dollars for this story, which was afterwards syndicated by McClure.

It is to be expected that Kipling should have American leanings ; one of these is his fondness for magazines. Magazine reading is a mania in the States. I am at this point reminded of the story of how Kipling raided Sir James Barrie's stock of magazines at Waterloo Station. Barrie was hastening from the bookstall laden with papers ; a good many shilling ones among them, he dolefully relates, when, in rushing round a corner, he fell into the arms of Kipling, equally in a tearing hurry. They turned on each other with scowling faces, then smiled in recognition, and asked each other whither he went. Then Kipling exclaimed, " Lucky beggar, you've got papers ! " seized the bundle from Barrie, flung him some money and rushed away.

" But you did not stoop to pick up his humble

halfpence, did you ? ” queried one of Sir Barrie’s hearers, amusedly.

“ Didn’t I though ! ” returned Barrie ; and added ruefully, “ But he hadn’t flung me half enough.”

This Kipling story comes to us *via* a Pittsburg paper. It is to the effect that at some anti-suffrage dinner—time and place conveniently omitted !—he said, “ Have not the women got enough ? In addition to all their other privileges, why should they have the vote ? I was talking to a suffragist the other day,” he continued, “ and she said, ‘ Why should a woman take a man’s name when she marries him ? ’ Why,” answered Kipling, “ should she take everything else he’s got ? ”

I am indebted to the *Bookfellow* (Sydney) for the following very pleasing anecdote :

‘ Ever hear Kipling tell his tiger yarn ? It was at a small station on one of the Indian railways. There was a stationmaster there and a porter. The latter was told not to act without instructions from the former, or, failing that, from the head office. A man-eater broke away from the jungle, attacked the station, seized the stationmaster, and began to make mincemeat of him. The porter remembered orders. Going to the telegraph, he wired to headquarters : “ Tiger on platform, eating stationmaster. Please wire instructions.”

The ready wit of Kipling is illustrated in the following. “ Don’t you think it strange,” a lady is supposed to have said to him, “ that sugar is

the only word in the English language where an 's' and a 'u' together come and are pronounced 'sh' ? "

"Sure ! " Kipling is alleged to have said.

Kipling's genius, if not his political outlook, was always admired by Mark Twain. His impressions of Kipling which are given in Paine's Biography¹ of the famous American writer clearly indicate this. It was Twain, it will be remembered, who paid a special tribute to Kipling at the Authors' Club (London) in 1899. The anxiety and sympathy of the entire American nation had just followed Kipling through a most dangerous illness at New York City, which Mark Twain declared had done much to bring England and America close together. He told the members of the Authors' Club that he had been engaged in the compiling of an epoch-making pun, and had brought it there to lay at their feet, " not to ask for their indulgence, but for their applause." It was this :

Since England and America have been joined in Kipling, may they not be severed in Twain.

We are informed that hundreds of puns had been made on the author's pen-name, but this was probably his first and only attempt. At the Savage Club, too, Twain recalled old times, and his first London visit twenty-seven years before :

¹ *Mark Twain : A Biography*, vol. II, p. 880. Harper & Bros., 1912.

In those days you could have carried Kipling around in a lunch-basket ; now he fills the world. I was young and foolish then, now I am old and foolisher.

It was in the summer of 1889 that the first meeting between Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling took place. At that time Kipling was only known to an Anglo-Indian public, and had just started on a world tour for *The Pioneer*, writing impressions of his travel home to that journal. He journeyed to Elmira especially to see Mark Twain. It seems that Twain was not at Quarry Farm when he called, but Mrs. Crane and Susy Clemens asked him in, and he took a seat on the veranda and talked with them some time—that talk which Mark Twain told us might be likened to footprints, so strong and definite was the impression left on the memory.

He spent a couple of hours with me, and at the end of that time I had surprised him as much as he had surprised me—and the honours were easy. I believed that he knew more than any person I had met before, and I knew that he knew that I knew less than any person he had met before—though he did not say it, and I was not expecting that he would. . . . He is a stranger to me, but he is a most remarkable man—and I am the other one. Between us we cover all knowledge ; he knows all that can be known, and I know the rest.

Mark Twain also has remarked that Kipling has enjoyed a unique distinction, “ that of being the only living person not head of a nation whose voice is heard around the world the moment it drops a remark ; the only such voice in existence

that does not go by slow ship and rail, but always travels first class—by cable.”

It was not until a year after Kipling's visit to Elmira that Twain identified him with the author of *Plain Tales* through a copy of *The London World* which had a sketch of Kipling in it, and a mention that he had travelled in the United States.

Kipling has, of course, left an account of this visit in his *Letters of Travel*.

In a letter to Kipling which Twain wrote from Vancouver, when he was on his way around the world in 1895, he refers to their meeting at Elmira :

It is reported that you are about to visit India. This has moved me to journey to that far country in order that I may unload from my conscience a debt long due to you. Years ago you came from India to Elmira to visit me. It has always been my purpose to return that visit and that great compliment some day. I shall arrive next January, and you must be ready. I shall come riding my ayah with his tusks adorned with silver bells and ribbons, and escorted by a troop of native howdahs richly clad and mounted upon a herd of wild bungalows ; and you must be on hand with a few bottles of ghee, for I shall be thirsty.

During the last South African War, Mark Twain's sympathies were always with the Boers. He had explained that his head was with the British, but his heart must remain with the Boers, who were fighting for their homes. Twain saw that the only thing for him to do was to

remain silent, in spite of a "voice" which urged him to enter his protest in the Press. But in spite of this, Mark Twain cherished no hostility against Kipling, who held very different opinions on the great question.

"I am not fond of all poetry," Twain remarked, "but there's something in Kipling that appeals to me. I guess he's just about my level." He also once declared when he was at Florence, that he hoped Fate would bring Kipling there: "I would rather see him than any other man."

Kipling, too, held a very high opinion of Mark Twain's genius, as the following extract from a letter written to the well-known American publisher, Mr. Frank Doubleday, clearly indicates :

I love to think of the great and godlike Clemens. He is the biggest man you have on your side of the water by a d—— sight—Cervantes was a relation of his.

In a letter to Mr. Doubleday written almost the same time (1903), we learn that Mark Twain gloried in the riotous strength and superabundant vigour of Kipling's verse. He read "The Bell Buoy" over and over again—"my custom with Kipling's work"—and also remarked that a "bell buoy is a deeply impressive fellow being." Many a night at sea he had heard him call, sometimes in his pathetic and melancholy way, and sometimes with his strenuous and urgent note until he got his meaning—now he had the words !

He hoped some day "to hear the poem chanted or sung—with the bell buoy breaking out in the distance."

We may not detail all the incidents regarding the linking up of Kipling and Twain; even this path leads to monotony in the end. We may only mention that on June 26th, 1907, Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain, and many other distinguished citizens assembled at the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, to receive degrees. A perfect storm of applause greeted Mark Twain when he appeared clad in his robe of scarlet; and the Oxford undergraduates wanted to know where he had hidden the Ascot Cup. A reference, of course, to Mark Twain's speech to the Pilgrims at the Savoy Hotel (June 25th, 1907), in which he had mentioned how, on the day of his arrival in England, he had been pained by a newspaper placard which read: "Mark Twain Arrives; Ascot Cup Stolen."

Rudyard Kipling was also a supreme favourite; but it was Twain who was singled out for most of the yells and cheering of the undergraduates. After the ceremony of conferring the degrees, Mark Twain, Lord Curzon, and Kipling viewed the Oxford pageant from a box, and it was here that a folded slip of paper, on the outside of which "Not True" was written, was passed up to them. The paper opened read:

East is East and West is West,
And never the Twain shall meet.

Kipling is remembered by his old neighbour in the Punjab as a man who was brimful of boisterous spirits, who laughed and joked the lifelong day. He was fond of practical joking. On one occasion he amused himself the whole evening by showing the natives of Dharwal all the grotesque monsters on a set of magic lantern slides, illustrating Jack the Giant Killer, as authentic portraits of the Russian people, whose activity beyond Herat was then causing considerable alarm in Anglo-Indian circles.

An American publisher who secured a story from Kipling was a teetotaler to the verge of fanaticism, and looking through the story he was shocked to come upon a passage where the hero was served with a glass of sherry. He wrote to Kipling pointing out the moral harm that might result from reading of such a depraved person, and requested him to substitute some non-intoxicating beverage for the harmful sherry.

"Oh, all right," Kipling replied, "make it a glass of 'Blank's' Baby Food. I see he advertises largely in your magazine."

Every popular author has to face the autograph hunters, and during his last year of residence in America Kipling was assailed on all sides by this particular breed of pesterer. He confided to Zangwill that he sent out two hundred circulars during this period, to the "admiring crew who ranked him before Shakespeare," proposing that they should send him a donation for a charity in

return for his signature.¹ Kipling continued, "then the floodgates—not of heaven—were opened." For weeks abuse rained in upon him, and "thief" seems to have been the mildest rebuke he received.

At Vermont Kipling paid all his household bills by cheque. Many of these cheques were very small, and the shrewd Yankee tradesmen soon discovered that autograph hunters would pay much over face value for them, so quite a number did not turn up at the bank for payment.

One shopkeeper obliged his "autograph" clients with a duplicate memorandum of the account. For example: a bill against Kipling for five pounds of cheese, accompanied by an autograph cheque was a souvenir that commanded a good price. The consequence was, that when Kipling sent his bankbook to be balanced, it invariably showed more to his credit than there should have been on its return. He was unable to account for the discrepancy, until one day he saw one of his cheques given for a case of bottled beer framed and hanging in a Boston bookshop. The first thing he did, when he returned to his home, was to burn his cheque-book. After that he insisted on paying his household bills in coin of the realm.

Here is a story related by Brander Matthews in the *American Outlook* (January 14th, 1911):

¹ *Pall Mall Magazine*, September, 1895.

Once when I was chatting with Rudyard Kipling about the principles of literary art, I chanced to tell him that I had pointed out to a class of college students the various masters of story-telling in whose footsteps he had trod, and by whose examples he had obviously profited. He smiled pleasantly and drawled out, "Why give it away? Why not let them think it was just genius?"

The Liverpool Echo printed the following amusing experience :

Kipling was staying in the hills of Simla, where all the lovely Anglo-Indian ladies reside in summer when it is too hot for them to endure the climate in the plains. One morning the lady at whose house he was a guest introduced him to a young and fair "grass widow." As the couple chatted amicably together whilst walking through the hills, Kipling remarked, "I suppose you can't help thinking of that poor husband of yours grilling down there?" The lady gave him an odd look, he thought, and he realized why when he afterwards learnt that she was not a "grass widow" but a widow indeed.

Here is a story which appeared in *Yes or No* (January 18th, 1908), but it has been told of many celebrated people ; however, I give it for what it is worth :

A young lady admirer of Kipling on meeting the famous writer was rather disappointed. "You!" she cried. "You—you are Rudyard Kipling?"

R.K. felt rather embarrassed, but managed modestly to murmur, "Yes."

"But I thought," she said, "I thought you were—oh, how shall I say it?—something quite, quite different!"

"Oh, I am," responded Rudyard in a very confidential tone, "I am, madam! Only, you see, this is my day off!"

When Kipling lived at Rottingdean, in the old

house which faces the vicarage, he was annoyed by the driver of a local bus, who often pointed his whip when he encountered the poet, and announced in a stentorian voice to his human freight: "Here we have Mr. Kipling, the soldier-poet." Kipling suffered this in silence, but things came to a crisis when the Jehu came into collision with his favourite tree, doing much damage to it. He wrote at once a vigorous letter of complaint to the bus owner, who was landlord of the "White Horse Inn."

Boniface laid the letter before the select company of his bar parlour, who, one and all, advised calm indifference. Also, a man with an eye to the main chance, offered the landlord ten shillings in cash for the autograph letter. Both cash and advice were accepted. A second and stronger letter followed, and Boniface carried the autograph to a bookseller and demanded a pound for it, since the violence of the letter was quite a double strength. The bookseller eagerly snapp'd it up, and the merry landlord warmed to the game, dreaming of more missives. But next day Kipling entered briskly and very wrathful.

"Why don't I answer your letter, sir? Why, I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one every day. They pay a deal better than bus driving."

It is not surprising that an author such as Kipling, the greatest in his own particular art that the world of English letters has seen, should figure as the hero of a novel. But few are

acquainted with this book which was crowned in 1906 by the Goncourt Academy. It was written by Jerome and Jean Tharaud, and entitled "Dingley, the Famous Writer.

The book is an attack on British Imperialism and a critic in *Le Figaro* claims that Dingley, the hero, is no other than Mr. Kipling. "Dingley," says a critic, condensing the plot, "is a genius and an immensely popular novelist. He has glorified English empire and colonialism. He has understood and delineated Oriental as well as Occidental character; he has made the past live, and has interpreted ancient civilization to modern. In short, he has known success, fame, and glory."

None the less, Dingley is dissatisfied. Dominated by the glamour of empire, he wishes to achieve in action something beyond mere writing :

An accidental scene witnessed by him on the street decides his course. The British Empire, at that moment, is held in check and defied in South Africa by a mere handful of audacious and insolent Boers. The pride of England is wounded and humiliated, and all patriots are disheartened. Dingley happens to see how a recruiting sergeant secures two or three volunteers for the campaign after filling them with gin and extorting binding promises from them. These drunken, lazy, good-for-nothing vagrants, Dingley says to himself, when they recover self-control and find themselves in Her Majesty's uniform, will be transformed into men, into soldiers of empire. The virtues and heroism of war will make noble creatures of them. What a fine subject for a book on war for

empire! The first few chapters of the new book are written at once in feverish haste, but Dingley determines to embark for South Africa and see the war for himself. His wife, a gentle, noble woman of French extraction, urges him to stay in England and take a more philosophical view of war, which degrades and brutalizes some, even if it elevates others.

On the way out some of the seamy side of militarism is forced upon Dingley, but he ignores it, and immediately on arrival joins a detachment of troops which is in pursuit of a Boer commando.

In the meantime, Mrs. Dingley forms at Cape Town a sincere friendship with a loyal Boer family, named Du Toit, whose eldest son, Lucas, however, has taken up arms against the British. Nothing further is known about Lucas, and his family fear that he has been taken prisoner. "Archie, son of his father, goes out at night to see an executed Boer rebel, and returns with a fever that threatens to be fatal. Dingley is hurriedly sent for, and the letter reaches him at a distance. The road is not safe, the fields are barren, deserted, and the badly-dug graves of soldiers are on every hand. Dingley chances to fall into the hands of Lucas Du Toit, who, however, shows every kindness to the Imperialist and Boer-hating Englishman, thus heaping coals of fire upon his head. Dingley arrives too late; his boy is dead." Shortly after this, Lucas is captured, and although Dingley can save him from death, he refuses to help the rebel who had once been kind to him.

The striking line and phrases in Kipling's verse have, as it may be expected, attracted many parodists ; and some years ago the papers were full of burlesques and skits on his work. Many readers will remember a little volume styled *All Expenses Paid* (Constable & Co., 1895), which contained some excellent parody and caricature of the poetry and style of the great ones in the literary world. The outline of this skit is as follows.

A certain butcher of unusual aspirations and immense fortune devoted ten thousand pounds to taking a select party of minor poets to Parnassus. Messrs. Richard Le Gallienne and W. B. Yeats arranged the outing, and the company included Rudyard Kipling, William Watson, Arthur Symons, and Francis Thompson ; and in truth all "stars" of the accursed race of poets who worshipped at the Bodley Head. How they started out and foregathered at the foot of Parnassus is all chronicled with a refreshing irreverence towards the minor bards. Ascending the resort of the muses, they were led by Mercury before an inspiring gathering of the mighty dead, with Shakespeare in the chair, and Wordsworth, Shelley, and Chaucer well in front. Adorned with a garland of crocuses, attired in robes of pure white, and seated on an ass similarly decorated and attired, they were led in order of merit before the master whose work was held to have most influenced their own.

The limited circulation of the poets and poetesses continued without any notable incident till it came to the turn of Rudyard Kipling to go on tour, for the friend of Tommy Atkins declared in an undertone that he was tired of the whole mummary, that the beastly crocuses got in his eyes, that he felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to misbehave himself in some way or another. Happily he was prevailed upon to be pacific, but no expostulation from his chief would induce him to wear an ecstatic cast of countenance, though an expression of pleasure flitted over his face when the donkey stopped in front of Chaucer. And now the two extremes of English poetry confronted each other ! Before the Everlasting could speak Apollo sang with an army accent the verses here following :

I've criticized some mortals in my time,
An' some of 'em was great an' some was not ;
There was some as couldn't jingle worth a dime,
There was 'Omer, Billiam Shakespeare, Walter Scott ;
But for knockin' slang an' potry into one,
For puttin' pepper on our old emotions,
It's certain sure you easy take the Bun,
An' you play the Comb an' Paper with our notions !
So 'ere's to you, Lippy-Kippy, from the far United
States,
Where the white man spends the dollar and the nigger
wipes the plates ;
You've got your share o' crocuses, an' if the colour suits,
You're welcome, Lippy-Kippy, you can bet your
bloomin' boots !

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While these verses were being recited by Apollo in his best Cockney manner, the changes that swept over the face of Chaucer were rapid, but unforbidding. Before the song commenced he had seemed to be upon the point of engaging the Laureate of Pipeclay in conversation, but at

its termination he buried his face in his purple mantle. Muttering to himself that the immortal was a "bigoted old buffer," Rudyard Kipling stirred the beast he bestrode into a continuation of his walk by the simple expedient of kicking his ribs.

In 1925 Kipling was back at Westward Ho! visiting again, after many years of absence, his old school—the school which he celebrated in verse and prose when he became famous :

Western wind and open surge
Took us from our mothers,
Flung us on a naked shore
(Twelve bleak houses by the shore !
Seven summers by the shore !)
'Mid two hundred brothers.

The twelve "bleak houses" which look out to Bideford Bay are now private residences, and the old fives court is weed grown and plastered with advertisements.

While Mr. Kipling was on his visit, golf rather dominated the old background of *Stalky & Co.*, and his meditations on his lost youth were broken at the hotel by modern young women who discussed cocktails, golf, and the English Women's Championship. He endeavoured to elude the female of the golfing species and hid himself behind the solid bulwarks of *The Times*, but a daughter of Eve found him and asked why he did not play the game.

"Because," he said, "I am not yet ninety and

because I still have a brain which is moderately active."

Sir George Younghusband, in his entertaining volume of reminiscences (*Forty Years a Soldier*), recalls a visit which Kipling paid to Simla at the time his *Plain Tales from the Hills* were appearing as feuilletons on the outside page of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, on which paper the author was a sub-editor. Mrs. and Miss Kipling, the mother and sister of the author, were spending the season at Simla, and Sir George, who was then an officer in the Guides, found Miss Kipling a bright and clever girl who, though she did not say much, saw everything in quick flashes and gave her opinions with a sort of jerky brilliance.

"She was the bright damsel," says Sir George, "who, when Lord Dufferin asked her why she was not dancing, replied, with a placid smile: 'You see, I am quite young, I am only eighteen. Perhaps when I am forty I shall get some partners.' This quiet little dig at the middle-aged ladies, who pranced about with the Hill captains, whilst their daughters sat out, is brought, it will be remembered, into one of Rudyard Kipling's little verses."

Sir George Younghusband recalls an amusing little dialogue he once had with the lady whom everybody believed to be the original of Kipling's Mrs. Hawksbee:

"'People say that I am Mrs. Hawksbee, and I don't like it at all. What on earth will Bill (her

husband) think, if this rumour comes to his ears ? ' "

" ' Though exceedingly young in years, some kind diplomatist amongst the angels must have supplied me with the answer. Or perhaps it was Mrs. Hawksbee's entrancing personality, who knows ? But the words blurted out were :

" ' You don't say so ! How extraordinary ! He must have taken all the best parts of the character from you, and the rest from the other people. ' "

The following story was told by G. C. Beresford (McTurk of *Stalkey & Co.*) in *The Kipling Journal*, the organ of the Kipling Society, March, 1927 :

There was a period at school when Kipling affected an inflated and turgescient prose style reminiscent of *The Daily Telegraph* in the old days, or George Augustus Sala at his worst ; and in this style Kipling composed a school essay on the " Abolition of War. " The second master, a tall, gaunt, red-haired Scotsman, called Haslam, was so affected and upset by this effusion that, unable to bear the strain, he rushed into the classroom, first asking permission of the presiding master, and flung the essay at Kipling's head, saying, " I have never read such abominable rubbish in my life. "

Popular instinct has always fixed upon Kipling's water-carrier, Gunga Din, as a real personality. This instinct proved to be correct. His

real name was Jemadan Jumma. At the siege of Delhi he was a carrier of water for the soldiers, engaged on a monthly salary of six shillings. After one of the fiercest fights in which the Guides were engaged during the siege, one Order of Merit, the highest decoration for valour, was bestowed upon the men collectively, they being instructed to vote amongst themselves as to whom the coveted medal should be given, and with one accord they voted for Gunga Din. They said :

“ We are soldiers and it is our bounden duty and in accordance with the oath which we swore when we entered the service of the Great Queen to be brave and fight and suffer great hardship by land and sea. But this man is not a soldier, and has no such obligation. Yet, quite unarmed as he was, and unafraid of the bullets of the enemy, he carried his great mussack of water up to the most forward line and gave us to drink when we were nearly dead with the heat and the exhaustion of fighting. Therefore, this man is the bravest of all.”

The men also petitioned that Jumma, though a menial and belonging to no fighting class, might be enlisted in the corps as a soldier, and so fine a fellow did he prove himself that, in spite of his humble origin and of caste prejudice, he rose to be an Indian officer. Then alas ! he fell on evil days and, having told a lie to shield a superior officer, was tried by court martial and

cashiered. Some time later he was found gesticulating to a London crowd, declaiming that a great injustice had been done to him and begging to be shown the way "to the palace of the Great Queen that I may lay my petition before her." He was rescued and taken to the India Office, and in the end was returned to India as a passenger (he came over as a fireman), and was given a post of trust and authority in the Canal Department, in which he lived in fair plenty and contentment for the rest of his days.

When publishers and editors were scrambling for the products of his pen, Kipling did not once speed up, or attempt to overwrite. He remained calm and impeccably humble, and the calmer he became the more lavish were the offers he received for his work. It was said that he was paid at the rate of a shilling a word. I remember some amusing verses concerning this, which appeared about the time of the Boer War in 1900:

My name is R. Kipling, since I was a stripling
My trade has been stippling in Indian ink ;
From Hong-Kong to Peshawar, from Leeds to Etawah,
I've travelled for "copy"—and found it, I think ;
Of death and its quickness, of riot and sickness,
With accurate slickness I've squeezed out the curd ;
Of men-beasts and beast-men, north, south, west and
east men,
I'm ready to write at a Shilling a Word,
Shilling a word,
Damn, it's absurd,
Dirt cheap at the money, a Shilling a Word.

Of seals and their skinning, of steeplechase winning,
Of drinking and sinning, of sailors and ships,
The laws of the jungles, how Viceroys may bungle—
All that and much more is at my finger-tips ;
Of Hell and of Heaven the keys have been given
To me, and I've striven to show what occurred
When Tomlinson tried for a warm seat inside ;
But you can't buy my verse at a Shilling a Word,
Shilling a Letter,
(Come now, that's better !)
I'm a patriot bard at a Shilling a Letter ;
Think where I've been,
Think what I've seen,
Write to Watt (he's my agent), and
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !

But when Kipling dived deep into the heart of the English countryside, he found that his name had not preceded him. Kipling and Thomas Hardy went house-hunting together in Dorset. They found a seaside cottage that they liked, but the landlady desired references.

"Why," said Hardy, "this is Mr. Kipling."

"Mr. Kipling?"

"Rudyard Kipling, the famous Indian balladist."

The woman had never heard of him, so Kipling himself carried on :

"But this is Mr. Hardy."

"Mr. Hardy?"

"Thomas Hardy, the great Wessex novelist."

"Thomas Hardy—Wessex?"

She had never heard of either of them.

CHAPTER VI

KIPLING'S PHILOSOPHY

NO one can ever accuse Kipling of being a turncoat. His feet have always stood firmly on the rock of ages—his one unshaken rock of philosophy—a sense of continuing tradition, a romantic toryism, a belief in the unbending will that sacrifices and endures. As a writer in *The New York Times* remarked :

He sees the world with clear poetic eyes that have had no haze in front of them at any time, that have never been dazed by the new turn of events or confused by new ideas. Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes remain heroes in his understanding, as they doubtless would have been in Carlyle's. He accepts his World War, several years after Versailles, at its face value. Chivalry is not an empty word for him and even military drill is an ancient and sacred thing. When he thinks of a British army officer the picture that comes to his mind is of a captain putting down his glass untasted, after twelve hours of hunger and thirst, to make sure that his men are properly fed and billeted. His mind dwells fondly upon "inherited continuity," and especially of that continuity pertaining to the British race. It takes, he says, thirty generations to make a navy. For him "nothing in life changes." He abhors with instinctive vehemence the Russian experiment—not, one supposes, because it sheds blood and imposes

tyranny—but because it breaks so thoroughly with tradition.

One of the most remarkable features in all Kipling's work is the absence of sentimentality. The sentimentalist has been shrewdly defined as the man who will not look facts in the face. Kipling, eminently sane and reasonable, positively stares facts out of countenance. But this does not stand in the way of a very human tenderness. Let anyone who has recklessly accused the writer of brutality and crudeness read (or re-read) "The Story of Muhammad Din," or "Without Benefit of Clergy," or "The Conversion of St. Wilfrid."

Women, it is said, do not take kindly to Kipling's attitude to life, and there is sufficient truth underlying the statement to excuse the generalization. Kipling has occasionally dropp'd little scorpions of thought about marriage which are not over-flattering to the fair sex. Sometimes he seems to go a long way off his track to be unnecessarily bitter, as in "The Return of Imray" :

If a mere wife had wished to sleep out of doors in that pelting rain it would not have mattered ; but Tietgens was a dog, and, therefore, the better animal.

And again in "In the Pride of his Youth" :

Excepting, always, falling off a horse, there is nothing more fatally easy than marriage before the Registrar. The ceremony costs less than fifty shillings, and is remarkably like walking into a pawn-shop. After the declarations of

residence have been put in, four minutes will cover the rest of the proceedings—fees, attestation, and all. Then the Registrar slides the blotting-pad over the names, and says grimly with his pen between his teeth, "Now you're man and wife"; and the couple walk out into the street feeling as if something were horribly illegal somewhere.

But that ceremony holds and can drag a man to his undoing just as thoroughly as the "long as ye both shall live" curse from the altar-rails, with the bridesmaids giggling behind, and "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" lifting the roof off.

It is true that Kipling is often a little brutal. In "The Betrothed" he made an irrevocable epigram which will always follow him. The singer has been told by Maggie he must choose between herself and his box of cigars. He decides in favour of nicotine on the ground that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." It is this kind of cynicism which has made Kipling unpopular with women. He also refuses to sentimentalize, which is another reason why women are not enthusiastic over his work. He does not palter with facts, but, at the same time, his fancy occasionally plays about the great problems with a gracious tenderness. There are delicate fleeting touches of pity and sympathy in "Without Benefit of Clergy." When the little son of Holden and Ameera—"a small gold-coloured little god"—dies of seasonal autumn fever, the reader is full of extreme cynicism or he is without a soul if he has no temptation to cry.

The story goes on to show how, after tears and piteous rebellion against fate, things become easier for Holden and his little Indian wife. Kipling shows how they touch happiness again, but with caution :

"It was because we loved Tota that he died. The Jealousy of God was upon us," said Ameera. "I have hung up a large black jar before our window to turn the evil eye from us, and we must make no protestations of delight, but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out. Is that not good talk, worthless one?"

She had shifted the accent on the word that means "beloved," in proof of the sincerity of her purpose. But the kiss that followed the new christening was a thing that any deity might have envied. They went about henceforward saying, "It is naught, it is naught"; and hoping that all the Powers heard.

With the perfectly chastened simplicity of such a passage as I have quoted above Kipling can compass his effects with triumphant certainty when he is out to make a rapid conquest. Critics have said that in matters of abstract wisdom Kipling is a "poor benighted heathen," and they may be able to make their point, but there is never any doubt that he has always been "a first-class writing man."

Kipling is a man of intense self-assertiveness, and thus he is always prone to prejudice. He lacks what the world knows as the Shakespearean breadth in his treatment of men and women. His outlook is parochial. He has never been able to look at a Russian with anything less than

an unchecked hatred in his heart. In "The Truce of the Bear" he presents the Russians as cunning, cruel, and cowardly; in "The Man Who Was" he shows how a British officer was imprisoned in Siberia for a long period and almost flayed to death with Russian knouts. In *Kim* he introduces a Russian and a Frenchman making an entry into India as spies and incendiaries; and as one might easily conjecture, he selects the Russian as the source of all the perfidy and cowardice it is possible to imagine. As a matter of fact, Kipling's Russian spy in *Kim* is a most obvious dummy—one may pluck handfuls of straw out of him at the outset. Kipling had to show what a scoundrel he was, and he therefore made him strike the old lama a cowardly (and absolutely unnecessary) blow in the face, thus turning all the natives against him, and spoiling any chances he had of getting along with his spying. The slightest critical reflection reveals the falsity of the incident, and we can only conclude that the extraordinary behaviour of the Russian was due to the fact that all Russians to Kipling are cowards and fools.

There is another curious point about Kipling's attitude to spying as a profession. If a man is a spy in the pay of the British he must perforce be versatile, intelligent, brave, and fearless. In his own eulogy of the Secret Service in *Kim* he has told us that the life of a spy is one of the noblest of callings. But should the spy happen

to be a Russian bent on conquering India the case becomes swiftly changed. Kipling finds spying on the part of foreigners a very shameful business. And thus it is that Kipling is often ludicrously false, not because he fails as an artist, but because he fails as a philosopher.

When we come to consider Kipling's poetry we are tempted to feel resentful about it because it has engendered so many horrible imitations. But all the imitators of Kipling have missed his secret. The imitators were driven to verse because they were lured into it by Kipling's rhythms which run with even links like the chains on a motor-cycle. They copied Kipling's pattern and precision, but they had not the power to make the pictures rear up out of the printed page as Kipling had done. I think that Kipling can always urge and drive a rhythm until it crosses and pierces the rhythm of reason and argument. The Kipling disciples were able to reproduce the snap of the rhythms, but they could never equal his instinct for words, and the startling way he could take a short cut to effect. Who has not read his poem called "Boots" and felt in a flash the torture of a fear-stricken soldier on the march :

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something different.
O—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic !
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down
again !)

There's no discharge in the war !

Count—count—count—count—the bullets in the bandoliers.

If—your—eyes—drop—they will get atop o' you—
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down
again !)

There's no discharge in the war !

Or, coming over the Sussex Downs, who has caught so swiftly and instantaneously the power of these smooth-swelling hills as Kipling has ?

Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs—

Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,

And through the gaps revealed

Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim

Blue goodness of the Weald.

Kipling's humour is sometimes strangely Eastern. It is often very tortuous. He does not peddle jokes for guffaws. You may seek samples of his quaint humour in "The Puzzler" (*Actions and Reactions*) ; and in the verses of the same title Kipling deals with the cautious and sullen Englishman with a fund of humorous observation :

Their psychology is bovine, their outlook crude and raw.

They abandon vital matters to be tickled with a straw,

But the straw that they were tickled with—the chaff that they were fed with—

They convert into a weaver's beam to break their foreman's head with.

This poem, written in 1907, foretold the sullen imperturbability of the British in the Great War.

It exactly coincides with the description of the English made by a distinguished American. "You're a queer lot, you English!" he said. "You go to war, and you lose every battle—*except the last.*"

It must be admitted that Kipling is the only poet who has been able to quicken the Cockney speech with the unmistakable touch of poetry. For uncommon gracefulness and simplicity it would be hard to match the inspired slang of "For to Admire":

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

Oh, I 'ave come upon the books,
An' frequent broke a barrick rule,
An' stood beside an' watched myself
Be'avin' like a bloomin' fool.
I paid my price for findin' out,
Nor never grutched the price I paid,
But sat in Clink without my boots,
Admirin' 'ow the world was made.

It will be noticed that in many of the slang poems in "The Five Nations" the plain-spoken doggerel has a military precision and economy which is amazing. In this volume Kipling's gifts of vivid visualization and tersely vivid expression seem to reach their highest point. No writer has surpassed him in the immensely difficult task of making the reader's vision no less instantaneous

than his own. By way of example of this quality I select his picture of the dying Boer soldier :

Ah, there, Piet ! whose time 'as come to die,
'Is carcase past rebellion, but his eyes inquirin' why ?

Those who know India will remember all the vividness and beauty of the Khyber Pass in his line : " In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill," and men who fought in South Africa will see in his veldt impression a perfect phrase : " Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal evening air."

The Light that Failed was published in 1891. It was Kipling's first attempt at a long story. It caused a sensation, but the sensation could not smother a feeling that as a novel it was a misfire. There was every other quality in the book but continuity and Shakespearean breadth in the treatment of men and women. There was vividness, *chic*, swagger, the air of certainty, felicity of accent, mastery of language, and unhesitating vivacity of movement, but these things could not carry Kipling on a long flight. To begin with, it might be safely said that had *The Light that Failed* been written by an unknown author it would not have been noticed. Many much better novels were published in 1891 which did not receive any publicity. It is clear that Kipling's methods were not suitable for a novel, and that until he was willing to abandon his methods and learn something from Dickens,

Thackeray, Fielding, and Sterne he would never write a novel. But then we all know that Kipling would never abandon his style or his methods. He has since been content to go on writing very brilliant short stories, and I think it may be truly said he is the greatest short-story writer that the world has seen. But when Kipling tries to foist Dick Helder on us as a strong and fine character it is impossible to accept him without many reservations. The ideas of Dick Helder suggest the ideas of Kipling in some respects.

There are artists and artists, and they can be divided into two classes—one group that flourishes on the world within, the other whose ideas originate from knowledge and experience. One kind of imagination divines, the other discovers with axe and sword and lance. One has a pure perception; the other a genius for deductions. Into the latter both Kipling and Dick Helder must be introduced. But Dick is a very immature Kipling. His views are very showy and harsh and he gives himself away at every turn in the story. He has had little real experience of the world—experience is not seeing the Pyramids of Ghizeh or smoking hasheesh cigarettes in Cairo or drinking Cyprus brandy at Port Said. Dick has knocked about the world a bit, but in his tearing hunger to do things he has missed most of life's simple truths. Great heavens! No fool was ever made a wise

man by leaving his native town ! A quiet, grey-haired old gentleman said to me, some years ago : " Here have I been nearly fifty years studying the ways of man in a London police-court, yet am I but a beginner in such things." And yet that wise old justice of the peace knew little of art or literature or the " call of the East." But Dick blusters and vaunts about art as if it were the world's only concern, and he is so ignorant that he can only despise people who cannot (or will not) " talk shop " with him both day and night. A row of semi-detached villas in which it may be safely guessed live many men who are both his moral and intellectual superiors, drives him to a fierce declaration of contempt : " ' Oh, you rabbit-hutches ! ' said he, addressing a row of highly respectable semi-detached residences. ' Do you know what you've got to do later on ? You have to supply me with men-servants and maid-servants '—here he smacked his lips—' and the peculiar treasure of kings. Meantime I'll get clothes and boots, and presently I will return and trample on you.' "

Messrs. Helder, Kipling, and Torpenow have nothing but disgust for the placid London citizen ; according to their estimate " he thinks with his boots and reads with his elbows."

Because his fellow-creatures in London do not concentrate on art and slavishly follow the canons as set forth in Chapter IV of *The Light that Failed*, Dick Helder becomes filled with the

brutality of a bashi-bazouk and declares he will trample them beneath his feet. The very fact that Heldar has no sympathy for the "common people" dwarfs him as a character. It makes him one of the crowd instead of the man standing apart that Kipling would like him to be.

Heldar's code of honour is, to say the least about it, irregular. Dick has no hesitation in stealing information from another correspondent, as Kipling records in Chapter II: "It was Dick who managed to make gloriously drunk a telegraph-clerk in a palm hut far beyond the Second Cataract, and, while the man lay in bliss on the floor, possessed himself of some laboriously acquired exclusive information, forwarded by a confiding correspondent of an opposition syndicate, made a careful duplicate of the matter, and brought the result to Torpenow, who said that all was fair in love or war correspondence, and built an excellent descriptive article from his rival's riotous waste of words."

But Kipling finds stealing "copy" a low business when it is done by one of Dick's rivals. Cassavetti, who works for a continental newspaper, is reviled by Messrs. Heldar & Co. because he cribs information from the English newspaper men. In Chapter IV Cassavetti is held up to derision by Dick: "He was a regular Christmas-tree of contraptions when he took the field in full rig, with his water-bottle, lanyard, revolver, writing-case, housewife, gig-lamps, and

the Lord knows what all. He used to fiddle about with 'em and show us how they worked ; but he never seemed to do much except fudge his reports from the Nilghai."

These contradictions show either a lack of detachment on Kipling's part or little sense of proportion on the part of Dick Helder. One can only hazard that *The Light that Failed* was a hurried piece of work written to satisfy a brisk and lucrative market. But, after all, it is not hard to forgive the man who wrote *Kim* and a hundred of the world's best short stories.

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Is Kipling a genius ? Yes, a tremendous genius, there can be no doubt of that. He is a great artist who has risen in style without recourse to the imitation of the great writers of the past, by the single virtue of impetuous talent and innate gift. Kipling is a happy genius, too. He has succeeded in escaping the peril of intellectualism. He forms a counterbalance necessary for the equilibrium of contemporary high-brow writers. It was well that opposite a certain morbid literary group of the eighteen-nineties arose the young Kipling, whose fertile, vigorous, generous work retained the accent of youth, enthusiasm, and unsoiled genius.

When we seek in what remains wonderful and impregnable through the ages as pure literature, for the essence of such greatness, it is certain that

such essence is found to contain in an especial degree a sense of the futility of hate. It might be said that all things done in *hate* have to be done over again. Violence is transient and hate consumes itself. If a writer cannot lift his vision above the petty preoccupations of territorial or tribal prejudice his work cannot live. All the greatest writers have been above the common conflict—they have viewed the world with calm detachment. This transcendence over tribal hate and spite seals with immortality the novels of Dickens and Thomas Hardy, the chant of Homer, the rare wisdom of Bacon and Montaigne, and the majestic tragedy of Shakespeare. And if Kipling be tested in the matter of tribal prejudice it will be found that little of his work is free from it. That is one of Kipling's most serious defects. When Kipling, the stripling, appeared on the scene in 1891, J. M. Barrie at once rebuked him for want of sympathy. Barrie wrote :

There is no sympathy with humanity, without which there never was and never will be a great novelist. Sympathy is the blood of the novel. True, Mr. Kipling has an affection for the Mulvaney type, but it is only because they, too, are artists in their own way. When full of drink and damns they are picturesque, they have a lordly swagger, they are saved by being devil-may-cares. But if they drank tea instead of whisky, if it was their own wives they walked out with, if they were not ashamed to live respectably in semi-detached villas, if they were grocers who thought almanacks art, or double-chinned professional men who only admired the right picture when they had

an explanatory catalogue in their hand, if they were costermongers whose dissipation was the People's Palace, then would they be as cattle. Ninety-nine in every hundred of the population are for trampling on. With the mass of his fellow-creatures, Mr. Kipling is out of touch, and thus they are an unknown tongue to him. He will not even look for the key. At present he is a rare workman with a contempt for the best material.

Should Mr. Kipling learn that he can be taught much by grocers, whose views of art are bounded by Adelphi dramas and Sunday-school literature, he may rise to be a great novelist, for the like of him at his age has seldom been known in fiction.

Sir James Barrie may now have changed his opinions about Mulvaney. I do think that Kipling displays a real sympathy for this character; and, moreover, I think that Mulvaney will live as a great character in literature. There is a blot of heart's blood over all the Mulvaney stories. "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" is a spontaneous gesture of pure feeling. In this story Kipling is big and universal, and he has given us Mulvaney, a man who can project his mind into just any odd place, plight, or predicament and get frolic and sport out of it. The tersely vivid dialect of Mulvaney is quite masterly in its kind. Every passage is full of verbal colour. Take, for example, Mulvaney's account of how, dressed in the lining of a palanquin, he danced before the Queens of India in a temple at Benares: "The next minut I was out av the dhark av the pillar, the pink linin' wrapped round me most graceful, the music thunderin'

like kettledrums, an' a could draft blowin' round my bare legs. By this hand that did ut, I was Krishna tootlin' on the flute—the god that the rig'mental chaplain talks about. A sweet sight I must ha' looked. I know my eyes were big, and my face was wax-white, an' at the worst I must ha' looked like a ghost. But they took me for the livin' god. The music stopped, and the women were dead dumb, an' I crooked my legs like a shepherd on a china basin, an' I did the ghost waggle with my feet as I had done ut at the rig'mental theatre many times, an' I slid acrost the width av that temple in front av the she-god tootlin' on the beer bottle."

But no passage separated from the story can give any idea of the breezy freedom of Mulvaney's recital of his adventures. Mulvaney is alive with the easy impudence of Kipling's genius, and he will go swaggering down the ages.

Any writing man who knows the difficulties of the craft will agree with me when I say that Kipling can be compared with Shakespeare and even with Chaucer in regard to the wonderful range of words he uses. He certainly is an expander of our language. The selection of Indian and African words in his poems; the language of the barrack-room; the rough-and-tumble talk of the New England fishermen; the professional slang in such a story as "With the Night Mail," and the jargon of men who rove the seven seas, have added a riot of new force and

colour to our language. Again, we have all the phrases of the Indian jungle and swamp life in his collection of animal stories. He has cast into his works queer words and phrases, which have in time come floating back in the everyday speech of the people. Two of his best-known phrases are the "Five Nations" and the "Seven Seas." The former phrase is a collective term for the nations which rallied to the Empire's call during the South African War: England, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa. On this occasion Kipling was obliged to leave India out in the cold (not without a certain regret I make sure), but he has given us the story, "A Sahib's War,"¹ in which Um Singh, a trooper of the 141st Punjab Cavalry, presents the Boer War from the Indian point of view.

When "The Seven Seas" was published, people were somewhat puzzled as to the meaning of this title. The inspiration for it has been discovered in "Omar." The phrase occurs in Fitzgerald's translation, the third edition, forty-seventh quatrain :

When you and I behind the veil are passed,
Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last !
Which of our coming and departing heeds
As the seven seas should heed a pebble cast.

Kipling, in answer to an editorial request in *T.P.'s Weekly*, has put the question of the

¹ The third story in *Traffics and Discoveries*.

meaning of the name of his book to rest once and for all. He has given his verdict as follows :

The Seven Seas are :

North Atlantic.

South Atlantic.

North Pacific.

South Pacific.

Arctic Ocean.

Antarctic Ocean.

Indian Ocean.

Which Seven Seas include all the lesser ones.

Scrupulous choice and consideration of words is one of the elements that make for greatness in Kipling's books. Every story, every line he writes, is wrought out with great labour. Do not think for a moment that those wonderful combinations of words, each conveying a different and subtle shade of meaning with which he stars that mystical tale "They" flow from his pen without delay or trouble. Those who have tried to learn the magic of words will tell you there is only one way of learning—you have only to be very fond of writing a phrase, a verse or a story over and over again. Does not even the conjurer tell you the same thing? A young man asked the poet Baudelaire how he could learn the magic of writing. "It depends," answered the poet, "on whether you really enjoy reading the dictionary." So it is of no use longing to be a Magician of the Printed Word without longing to work. Kipling, one feels certain, has brought into his work

that spirit which we in England always prize so highly—a capacity for sticking to the guns.

One might go on writing indefinitely on Kipling's yearning for and use of strange and wonderful words, as one after another his stories recur to the mind. One cannot forget certain of his phrases, they dwell indelibly with us. "A well-dark winding staircase" in the "City of Dreadful Night" brings the required shudder; "a great rose-grown gate in a red wall" brings to the mind the garden that every man remembers, though he may have forgotten many things. Kipling also finds the Bible a very fertile hunting-ground for phrases, and the harmonious mode of speech peculiar to the work of the Hebrew writers may be often traced in his works. In his "School Song"—"Let us now praise famous men"—he has paraphrased lines of that extraordinary and beautiful chapter of Ecclesiasticus.

Kipling's enthusiasm for the pageant of modern industrialism has always been clear to the reader. As a boy he was known to be more inquisitive about the tradesman or the mechanic than his schoolfellows. There are several passages in *Stalky & Co.* which throw a sidelight on his predilection for professional terms. He loves to wallow in the technicalities of any trade or calling. To bear myself out, if the reader turns to *Stalky & Co.* he will find that one of Kipling's schoolfellows chaffs him for being so "filthy technical," and upon another occasion,

when Beetle (Kipling) is assisted by Stalky and McTurk in the setting up of the *Swillingford Patriot*, he is requested not to be "so beastly professional" in his directions to the "Staff." Certain of his works are starred with racy Americanisms. One might almost pick out the works which came from his pen during his long stay in his wife's native country. I think that period covered from August, 1892, to September, 1896. And the books which were written during this sojourn are characteristic of the American dialect; you find it in *Captains Courageous*, .007, *A Walking Delegate*, *Many Inventions*, and most particularly in *The Jungle Books*. "My speech is clean and single, I talk of common things," he has written in some verses on Canada: that is exactly what he has done, and he has done it in such a thorough-going way that the speech of common things threatens to become involved, especially when he goes to the Anglo-Indian, Cockney, Yorkshire, Irish, Scotch, Afrikaner, Sussex, and American dialects for word-forage.

In an article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* which appeared in 1904, Mr. George Moore pays a good deal of attention to Kipling's prose works. With that acute and analytic intelligence which seems to be common to all Irish writers, he has endeavoured to tear from Kipling the secrets that most assuredly underlie the *éclat* of his literary progress. Mr. Moore remarks that in the 'eighties none knew what world Kipling was going to

reveal. That world had now become a known quantity, and he does not think that such words as "noble" and "beautiful" could be applied to it. After groping among Kipling's writings he suggests such adjectives as "rough," "harsh," and "coarse-grained." He utterly refuses to be dazzled by those qualities of strength, coarseness, and of lavish eloquence, such as we have always associated with our most essentially democratic poet. Mr. Moore takes *Kim* and as he reads he finds more and more amiss with it. He says that at first the reader may be fascinated by *Kim* because he has been so well observed and so sedulously imitated :

The Lama we can see as if he were before us—an old man in his long habit and his rosary ; we hear his continuous mumbling ; but very soon we perceive that Kim and the Lama are fixed—we have not read thirty pages before we see that those two will be the same at the end of the book as they were in the beginning.

None the less this critic sees clearly that Kipling is a master of words, and grants him a facile command of language. But he is careful to note that it is only an expression of riotous strength and superabundant animal vigour, combined with a keen eye for all the coloured details of life. Mr. Moore points out that none since the Elizabethans have written with such command over the language :

Others have written more beautifully, but no one that I can call to mind at this moment has written so copiously.

Shelley and Wordsworth, Landor and Pater, wrote with part of the language ; but who else, except Whitman, has written with the whole language since the Elizabethans ? " The flannelled fool at the wicket, the muddled oaf at the goal," is wonderful language. He writes with the eye that appreciates all that the eye can see, but of the heart he knows nothing, for the heart cannot be observed ; his characters are therefore external, and they are stationary.

Now it appears to the reader of the above passage that Mr. Moore voices the opinion that Kipling's work is extremely consistent from first to last ; that the exceptional brilliancy of his impression painting with which he burst forth so suddenly upon a jaded literary world is preserved faithfully in his later volumes ; but, at the same time, he does not seem to have progressed in the deeper thoughts on human life. I think that many critics will be minded to dissent strongly from Mr. Moore when he says Kipling " knows nothing of the heart." There is certainly little ground to support this hypothesis, if some of the author's late stories be carefully studied ; that the peculiarly ingenious novelties of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd should be misunderstood by Mr. Moore is, I suppose, quite natural ; but when he has nothing to say about the deep insight of *Without Benefit of Clergy*, *Wee Willie Winkie*, and *Little Tobrah*, one is forced to protest. Again, take the story *They* ; here Kipling's almost faultless artistic instinct enters, and we find in it a wonderful perception of the heart of a child ; like the *Story of My Heart* by Jefferies, it is an

autobiography of the soul. Later, Mr. Moore makes a comparison between a certain inner coldness and hardness he finds in much of Kipling's work with the manner of Pierre Loti :

One writer blows his pipe on the hill-side, the other blares like a military band ; all brass and reed instruments are included in this band. Mr. Kipling's prose goes to a marching rhythm, the trumpeter's blare and the fife's shriek ; there is the bass clarionet and the great brass tuba that emits a sound like the earth quaking fathoms deep or the cook shovelling coal in the coal-cellar. The band is playing variations : but variations on what theme ? The theme will appear presently . . . Listen ! There is the theme, the shoddy tune of the average man—"I know a trick worth two of that."

In this phrase of Dick Heldar, "I know a trick worth two of that," Mr. Moore finds not only the condensed representation of *The Light that Failed*, but the epitome and quintessence of Kipling's creed. The critic who searches may find, it is true, reflections of this phrase in Kipling ; but it is the "trick" that gives one the grip on life and a renewed determination to play the game through.

Kipling's style has often been likened to that of Pierre Loti. Still, it must be admitted that the work of the former is wider in its scope, and more varied in its characteristics than that of the French author. Kipling's tales of Indian life, for instance, exhibit a superabundance of genuine invention which is totally lacking in the stories

of Pierre Loti. While Loti, as a young naval officer on foreign service, was content to write the love stories of yellow and tawny native Cyprians in a more natural and piquant manner than his predecessors had done, Kipling was making a determined protest against all such outworn literary conventions. In Loti's stories of his amorous adventures in Turkey, Tahiti, Senegal, and Japan, there is, to be sure, a freshness of style and a certain triteness of expression which one might connect with the creator of Mulvaney, but apart from that, the monotony of plot and sentiment is in striking contrast with Kipling's glorious field of imaginative power.

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Kipling has always objected to the interviewer. But Dr. Kellner, author of the *History of English Literature in the Victorian Era*, was permitted to visit him in 1898. He summed up his impressions of his visit to Rottingdean in the memorable phrase, "To-day I have seen happiness face to face." Authentic descriptions of the inner side of Rudyard Kipling and his home are so scarce that I venture to draw upon Dr. Kellner's interview.

The work-room is of surprising simplicity: the north wall is covered with books half its height, over the door hangs a portrait of Burne-Jones (Mr Kipling's uncle), to the right near the window stands a plain table—not a writing-table—on which lie a couple of pages containing

verses. No works of art, no conveniences, no knick-knacks, the unadorned room simple and earnest like a Puritan chapel.

Dr. Kellner remarks that the old Puritan strain in Kipling probably aided him to keep a cool head in his hour of triumph. "I am very distrustful against fame," said Kipling, "very distrustful against praise." It is a pity that this self-critical and distrustful attitude has not been strong in the minds of many other great men—Oscar Wilde, for example. "You know the fate of eighteenth-century English literature, how many 'immortal' poets that prolific time brought forth, and yet how much of this 'immortal' poetry still lives in our time? To name only one—who reads Pope nowadays? I often run over these volumes" (here he pointed to the "Edition de Luxe" of his own works) "and think to myself how much of that which is printed on such beautiful paper ought never to have seen the light. How much was written for mere love of gain, how often has the knee been bowed in the house of Rimmon?" (a favourite expression of Kipling's).

The conversation of Kipling reflects his spontaneity, buoyancy of success, love of outdoor life, and exuberant good health. He understands as few writers have ever done the secret of balance in his work—the balance of the serious with the humorous, the pathetic with the merry, or work with rest.

He knows that ideas do not always come when one sits down at his desk and cudgels one's brains, and most of the work that he turns out under pressure of this kind finds its way to the wastepaper basket, from which "Recessional" (as it has been printed) was rescued. So he puts himself in a receptive mood, and digs in the garden, and lo, the ideas surge through him:

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire ;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire——

Rest is rust ; the mintage of wisdom is to know that real life lies in laughter and work.

Kipling is devoted to his garden, is fond of fishing, and I came across a report in an American paper that he could handle a plough and drive a straight furrow with the best of ploughmen.

He was an ardent admirer of Cecil Rhodes. He knew him personally, and has remarked that "Rhodes was greater than his work." Kipling is not in favour of the annexation of one white nation by another. "It is the greatest crime that a politician can commit. Don't annex white men," he remarked.

"What about black men ?" he was asked.

"I am against slavery," was the answer, "if only for the reason that the white man becomes demoralized by slavery."

The *Review of Reviews*, April, 1899, remarked that the "influence of Kipling on politics is

something like that of Carlyle." Both are preachers of the doctrine of the drill sergeant; one worshipped Frederick the Great, the other Sergeant What'sname, "who drilled a black man white and made a mummy fight." Certainly Kipling, like Carlyle, believes in work and the strenuous life as a cure-all. His verse pulses and throbs with the gospel of work, and he has written much which one might regard as Carlyle re-vitalized. Take the following paragraph from Carlyle :

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done with itself leads one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

These lines almost define the aspiration of Kipling's muse. Work has been saluted by him in the splendid verse which ends :

Each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate
star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things
as They Arc.

"Kipling's God is the God of the Old Norse Sea Kings, the fighting God, the Lord of the Hosts of Cromwell, a terribly real and awful Deity, who, nevertheless, can sympathize with a first-rate fighting man, and will in the end see that

justice is done," writes a critic in the *Review of Reviews*.

There are mingled elements in Kipling's blood, but there is more of the Puritan strain than anything else. Those who have known the man do not doubt it, and to my mind at least, his genius yields the strongest proof of it in "Recessional," in which he strikes with an unerring hand the lyre of the Hebrew bard. Man is unto himself a mystery: by ways strange and undreamed of, across the opposing currents of a lifetime, the soul of a race wins back to its own. Kipling remains Methodist in soul, spite of his years in India, spite of his immersion in the great sea of Imperialism, spite even of the profane language of the barrack-room. Oh yes, the pendulum always swings back and the immemorial claims of race and blood strive within him for reassertion:

God of our fathers, known of old . . . be with us yet.

The "Song of the English" is as direct, as simple and as forceful as "Recessional." Our duty is to hold the faith our fathers sealed and to keep the law of our Imperial mission. Kipling's modern saint gets into the game and plays it. The man who endeavours to keep himself "unspotted from the world" he looks upon as a rogue and a coward. The more we understand life, the better shall we comprehend death is the decision always arrived at by Kipling.

Critics have dubbed him the "Banjo-Bard" with contempt. But after reading "The Song of the Banjo," one begins to realize that this epithet loses all its intended sting. Here is a rare song, illuminated throughout by flashes of heroic life, sealed by the personality of the Anglo-Saxon, and all credit goes to the splendid adventurer who can hammer such haunting music out of the democratic banjo. How all the intolerable hindrances and disappointments of the pioneer flash to the mind in the line :

I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man.

In some respects the "Song of the Banjo" reminds the reader of the spasmodic conversations of Mr. Jingle in *Pickwick*—sudden spurts of thought and fancy and description, with a "gilly-willy-winky-popp" for breath pause, and then on again with the "war drum of the white man round the world."

Some of the less aspiring ballads have an excellent go about them. Let us take one example from "Puck of Pook's Hill," called "The Smuggler's Song"; this poem is worthy of Robert Louis Stevenson.

It is not easy to determine the value of such poems as "If——" and "The Thousandth Man." Whatever may be their faults—and they seem to contain many—as pure poetry, they are charged with a note of materialistic realism, and urge the high doctrine of loyalty, which appeals

at once to the everyday sentiments of the average man. Had Kipling been more of an idealist he would have soared too high over the heads of the people; but he knew that one cannot carry soldiers, sailors, colonizers, and codfishers with one in these towering flights with Pegasus.

In "If——" Kipling preaches a sermon on divine energy. Life is a bank account, with so much divine energy at your disposal. What are you going to do with it? "If you can watch the things you gave your life to, broken, and stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools . . . yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, and—what is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

The question is, then, are you tintured with that dash of persistency that urges you constantly to put forth an effort to "Hold on!" when all strength but cold will-power has deserted you? If not, you are merely a camp-follower.

That section of Kipling's verse which deals with nature and outdoor life must be placed in a division by itself. Some of the poems in which he sings of the "go fever" reminds one of the exquisitely phrased pagan glorification of mere existence of Borrow's *Lavengro*:

Life is sweet, brother . . . There's night and day, brother,
both sweet things: sun, moon, and stars, brother, all

sweet things ; there's likewise the wind on the heath.
Life is very sweet, brother ; who would wish to die ?

Mr. J. De Lancey Ferguson, of Columbia University, said that so far as the love of out-of-doors was made a subject of poetry by Kipling's predecessors, it was seldom more than a repeated desire to follow the baying hounds, or to sport with Amaryllis in the shade. He pointed out that none of the poets ever mentioned what he would do if it were cold or wet, or if the sea were really rough. But Kipling has changed all this, for he hunts on new trails. He has hymned the ship engineer and the locomotive driver. He has sung of the sailor's love of the sea, of the pleasure in the bucking beam sea roll of a coffin screw-steamer with her loadline over her hatch, and a shifting cargo of rails. He has sung of the "ram-you-dam-you liner with a brace of bucking screws," of sealers fighting to the death in a fog, of the cattle-boat men who made a contract with God, and of the wholly unauthorized horde of "Gentlemen Rovers"—the legion of the lost ones, the cohort of the damned.

"The Anchor Song" is an ambitious attempt to force sea terms and words of command to accommodate themselves to the uses of verse. It will be noticed that the instructions given by a master of a sailing vessel in getting his ship off to sea are arranged in their exact order in this poem. It should be pointed out that some of the words of command which Kipling uses here are

now rapidly passing out of use. It is interesting to note that "The Anchor Song" follows closely the instructions given in Dana's *Sailing Manual* for getting a boat away.

Many of Kipling's sea verses are written on the true chantey model. The refrain "A-hoy O! To me O!" in "Frankie's Trade" is to be found in many sailor songs. Some of these chanteys are based on fragments of topical song adapted by the musical seaman; some go back through the centuries till we find parallels to their tunes in the glorious sea days of the great Elizabeth. They often bear with them a rich legacy of nautical memories, and no doubt Kipling has realized that the indispensable kernel of the true sea song is to be found in these quaint chanteys.

I give the following remarkably mournful song, with a long dragging chorus, to show how closely Kipling has modelled some of his new ballads on the chantey. It is likely that this one has lifted the sail of many a clipper of the 'sixties:

SOLO. Tommy's gone, what shall I do?

CHORUS. Hurrah, Hilo.

SOLO. Tommy's gone, what shall I do?

CHORUS. Tom's gone to Hilo.

SOLO. To Liverpool, that noted school,

To Liverpool, that noted school,

Tommy's gone to Quebec town,

Tommy's gone to Quebec town,

There's Pretty Sall and Jenny Brown,

There's Pretty Sall and Jenny Brown,

A-dancing on that stony ground,

A-dancing on that stony ground,
Tommy's gone to Baltimore,
A-rolling on the sandy floor,
Tommy's gone to Mobile Bay
To roll down cotton all the day,
He's gone away to Dixie's Land,
Where there's roses red and violets blue.
Up aloft that yard must go,
I thought I heard the skipper say,
That he would put her through to-day,
Shake her up and let her go,
Stretch her leech and shew her clew,
One pull more and that will do,

CHORUS. Hurrah, Hilo.

SOLO. One pull more and that will do,

CHORUS. Tom's gone to Hilo.

Belay !

We find another aspect of the poet's verse in "Christmas in India." Besides the songs of the "Go-fever" and "Wanderlust," he has given us the song of homesickness, and it is a wonderful expression of those war-weary exiles who wait in "heavy harness on fluttered folk and wild." Say what you will of the roughness and selfishness of men, at the last they long for companionship and the fellowship of our kind. We are like lost children, and when alone and the darkness gathers, we long for the close relationship of those brothers and sisters we left behind us in our childhood and long for the magic touch of those gentle arms that once rocked us to sleep. These are the thoughts of the exile which burn like irons.

"The Gipsy Trail," an uncollected poem

which appeared in the *Century* of December, 1892, partakes of the nature of the "open-air" or George Borrow chant. It is a distinct departure from his habitual style :

Out of the dark of the Gorgio camp,
Out of the grime and the grey,
(Morning waits at the end of the world),
Gipsy, come away !

"The White Man's Burden," like many other phrases from Kipling's pen, is already one of the stock references of writers and speakers. Plays, short stories, pictures and novels have been written with it as a text. It is this power of coining striking phrases that causes even his doggerel to pass thoroughly into everyday life. Poetry does not always require wisdom of the intellect and scholarliness to be great. Burns, Blake, Keats, Poe, Whitman show how a lack of scholarship is often compensated by an intuitive wisdom of heart and emotion. "The White Man's Burden" is a song of Imperialism which is not to be confused with the flaunty Jingoism of the music-halls. Kipling has put the Imperialist doctrine on the right basis, and in this poem he passionately and seriously formulates the only true moral basis of Empire. It was this poem which more than any other did so much to hearten the Americans to attempt the preliminary conquest of a silent, sullen people, "half devil and half child." The toil, fatigue, and bloodshed which were the preliminaries of taking up the

white man's burden in the Philippines almost disheartened the people of the United States. But they had to learn that such sacrifices are imposed upon all who would tread the path of Empire. Whatever may be said concerning the methods of the States in shouldering these burdens, we as a nation have played our part. Our share of those silent, sullen people amounts to four hundred millions, while the other white nations of the world wage "the savage wars of peace" with only a hundred millions. Thus it will be seen that each white man under British rule is responsible for seven black or copper-coloured men.

The old Puritan spirit breathes in every line of "The White Man's Burden." As the Infinite Drill-Sergeant who is above all Princes and Kings is the guide of the White Man, so must the White Man be the Providence of the Black People. Needless to say these verses have provoked many parodies and replies, in which the poetasters never fail to inform the public how we have robbed the "sullen people." One, which was published in *Concord* and from the pen of Mr. George Lynch, is certainly not lacking in fervour:

Bear we the Black Man's burden !
The stealing of our lands,
Driven backwards, always backwards,
E'en from our desert sands ;
You bring us your own poison,
Fire liquor that you sell,
While your Missions and your Bibles
Threaten your White Man's hell.

Still more emphatic is the fourth stanza, which ends with the couplet :

You cheat us for your profit,
You damn us for your gain.

A certain section of the people have been inclined to sneer at Kipling as the poet of the music-hall. One might as well declare that Mozart was a composer for the barrel-organ. But true genius cannot be vulgarized.

"Our Viceroy Resigns"¹ in *Departmental Ditties*, seems to have been written under the immediate and insistent influence of Browning. Kipling employs the Browning metres, the Browning involutions, and the Browning abruptness. This poem contains a clever cameo portrait of Lord Roberts which is said to have vexed the great soldier.

I think it must be granted that the *Barrack Room Ballads* are an honest and singularly successful attempt to explain Tommy Atkins, as Kipling tells us, both "for our pleasure and our pain." Critics from time to time have attacked

¹ Lord Lansdowne took the place of Lord Dufferin as Viceroy of India in 1888. Lady Dufferin, in *Our Viceregal Life in India*, says that on the Sunday after the arrival of the new Viceroy "D. shut himself up with Lord Lansdowne and talked to him four hours without stopping." Lord Dufferin was made Ambassador at Rome after he returned from India; hence the line "I go back to Rome and leisure." It was his boast that during his tenure of office he had annexed a "country twice the size of France" (Burma) and thus checked the encroachment of the Russians. "A grim lay reader with a taste for coins, and faith in sin most men withhold from God," of course, refers to Sir T. C. Hope. It is interesting now to observe how accurately Kipling foresaw that the then Sir Frederick Roberts would win his way to the Lords by way of "Frontier Roads."

Kipling very bitterly for his descriptions of the Tommy ; they have quibbled and wrangled over the Kiplingesque coarseness of the slang and held up their hands in shocked amazement because the poet dares to give some barrack-room reflections about women. It is true that the soldier, who, like Jack, has a girl in every port, is not strong on monogamy. In "The Ladies," he says, "I've 'ad my picking o' sweet'earts and four o' the lot was prime," and the epitome of the poem is given in the line, "the more you have known the others, the less will you settle to one."

In "Mary, Pity Women!" Kipling has attempted to show something of the misery and burning shame felt by the soldier's abandoned mistress. But it is to be regretted that Kipling should hint that it is quite in order that the women should suffer and the men go free. Even the pity for the unfortunate is grudged, and Kipling seems to try and cover up the tracks of the transgressor with world-weary cynicism: "What's the good," "What's the use," etc.

What's the good o' pleadin' when the mother that bore you,
(Mary, pity women !) knew it all before you.

What's the good o' prayin' for The Wrath to strike 'im
(Mary, pity women !) when the rest are like 'im.

There you have in Kipling's own words Kipling's own idea of men. We sincerely hope

that the "rest" are not at all like the ruffian in "Mary, Pity Women!" Let us stamp out such barbarous conceptions. "Stamp it out!" Justice cries it. Art echoes it. The qualities of a mother are the heritage of her sons. To have a strong and truthful race of men who are afraid of no man, and of whom no woman need be afraid, we must evolve a race of mothers who are not burdened by those who "shove" all they solemnly promise behind them. The good pride and sporting spirit of the true Tommy, it is certain, will urge him to make it a point of honour to reject any idea that the weaker vessel must be always thrust to the wall. As to Tommy's language. It is rather free, often very profane, and I am certain quite a meaningless practice in the barrack-room. But swearing is, as the good Bishop Lightfoot once remarked, with some men a mere matter from the lips outward.

Kipling hides nothing, glosses nothing. He sounds a deep note of the horror of war in the ballad addressed to the young British soldier. When you are wounded and left to die on the open plains of Afghanistan, and women prowl about to "cut up" what remains :

Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains,
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier,
So-oldier of the Queen !

In one of the worst of Kipling's poems, that

entitled "Kitchener's School," we learn that "Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mad things," but all the same the "English obey the Judge and say that the law is good." That is Kipling all over, especially in regard to keeping the law. "The head and the hoof and the haunch and the hump of the law is—Obey!" This is the note of the drill-sergeant which breathes in every line of his verse and prose. Sergeant What'sname who drilled a black man white, and taught a mummy how to handle a rifle, is ever the right-hand man in Kipling's temple of fame.

In "Soldiers Three" he has done his best to revive the dying faith in blind barrack-room submission to authority, and we at once feel that these soldiers are merely "puppet-like puppets." They are merely three of the most perfect products of a sound drill book training. They can hardly be described as elaborate portraits because they all come from the same mould. It is true that Kipling has expressed in his early poetry and prose a human type, a type that is known wherever the British soldier is known. But the soldier of to-day has left our friends of *Barrack Room Ballads* far back in the distance. The men in the trenches of France were more thoughtful than the rough-and-ready, domineering, but far from ignoble type Kipling found in India at the end of the last century. This sturdy but awkward warrior furnished Kipling with an ideal,

and he produced from it the utmost emotional value which a commonplace ideal can give.

But Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd have all had their day, and the almost ever-present coarseness which the author mistook for vigour needed a check. All great writers have a natural delight in coarseness, but in "Soldiers Three" Kipling gave us just a little too much of it. I cannot find a single private soldier in Kipling's writings who is not illiterate. This is a mistake. There were to be sure thousands of Tommies in 1885 who mishandled their Queen's English, but there were many who could write well and think well too. Edgar Wallace, David Christie Murray, Archibald Forbes were all common or garden Tommies in their time. So "Soldiers Three" only gives us a certain type of soldier, doubtless a faithful portrait of that type, but Kipling has not attempted an accurate description of the various men in the average regiment.

Kipling's Deity is the terrible and real "Jehovah of the Thunders," who can sympathize with men who can put up a good fight, or sing a roistering barrack song. There is perhaps a suggestion of arrogance in his writings; an idea that we are the Lord's chosen people and that He has "smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth." Observe the veiled arrogance in certain lines of "Recessional," in which he hints that our battleline is no small affair but a "far-flung" array, which is qualified to control the

destiny of half the universe. Mark, too, his naïve admiration for the greatness of Empire in one of his happiest lines in which he speaks of "Dominion over palm and pine." The last three words carry the reader's mind in instantaneous sweep across our territories from Canada to Ceylon.

In an editorial note, under the title of "The Truth about 'The Recessional,'" *Literature* (April 13th, 1901) gave the following interesting facts about Kipling's famous verses :

So many accounts of the way in which "Recessional" reached *The Times* have been published on "the very best authority" that it may be as well to dispose of them by the publication of the following letter which enclosed the MS. :

DEAR —

Enclosed please find my sentiments on things—which I hope are yours. We've been blowing up the Trumpets of the New Moon a little too much for White Men, and it's about time we sobered down.

If you would like it, it's at your service—on the old conditions that I can use it if I want it later in book form. The sooner it's in print the better. I don't want any proof. Couldn't you run it to-night so as to end the week piously ?

If it's not your line, please drop me a wire.

Ever yours sincerely,

R.K.

The poem was published the next morning. Mr. Kipling was asked to name his own price, but absolutely declined all payment.

Now and again Kipling sounds a whimsical

note. He has unfolded in a most startling fashion the wondering amazement of the Hindoo brought face to face with the Western religion and "The Man of Sorrows" :

... What Gods are these
You bid me please ?
The Three in One, the One in Three ? Not so !
To my own gods I go.
It may be they shall give me greater ease
Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities.

"Pagett, M.P.," in *Departmental Ditties* is one of the most successful Anglo-Indian poems. It has been mentioned in a quarter that should be well informed, that the late Mr. W. S. Caine, M.D., was the original of Kipling's character. Mr. Caine was, however, only one of a number of M.P.'s who "did" India and wrote books about their travels, and certainly his book on India was far from being the worst of its kind. The thing that seems to annoy the Anglo-Indian, is that a man who is merely a tourist should dare to pose as an authority on subjects any one of which might well occupy a lifetime and leave the learner diffident at the end. The behaviour of the native-born American, who spends a few weeks in England with a guide-book, and then goes home to write a book on London life, is excusable beside that of the "travelled idiots" who profess to have mastered in a four months' visit all the religious and political problems presented by India.

Anglo-Indians have even been known to inveigh against Kipling for immaturity of judgment: the *Englishman* of Calcutta attacked the story "An Unqualified Pilot" when it appeared, remarking that the author had very evidently primed himself by reading the article on the Hugli in *Hunter's Gazetteer*.

"The Fires" was printed by way of a preface to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's collected edition of Kipling's poems. In those verses the author had only to recall his own joyful adventure in becoming lawfully seized and possessed of hearth and roof-tree in that secluded nook of England by Burwash:

How can I answer which is best
Of all the fires that burn?
I have been too often host or guest
At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire
On any man's hearthstone?
I know the wonder and desire
That went to build my own.

One passes from the rage and Western energy of "If—" to the dreamy endurance of the East—the East with its fatalistic doctrine that "what has to be will be"—and reads "From the Masjid-al-Aqsa of Sayyid Ahmed (Wahabi)" which is contained in *Trafficks and Discoveries*:

Saluting aloofly his Fate, he made swift with his story ;
And the words of his mouth were as slaves spreading
carpets of glory
Embroidered with names of the Djinns—a miraculous
weaving—
But the cool and perspicuous eye overbore unbelieving.

An examination of Kipling's wonderful power with the short lyric—which sometimes is magical—will show the reader that he has few equals and no superior. One of the finest he ever wrote, "Cities and Thrones and Powers," is to be found in *Puck of Pook's Hill* :

This season's Daffodil,
She never hears,
What change, what chance, what chill,
Cut down last year's :
But with bold countenanced
And knowledge small,
Esteems her seven days' continuance
To be perpetual.

This is the great style, simple and direct. No unnecessary touch mars the theme ; there is not a word too much. In an age desperately searching for new forms of expression in poetry, as in art, in an age aiming more at eccentricity than at excellence, we are inclined to favour only those who can sound the "new notes." But there is still room for a lyric of this kind—a fine simple thing written in a fine simple way. It is hardly necessary to do more than mention Herrick's "To Daffodils" as a possible source of inspiration in the writing of "Cities and Thrones and

Powers ” ; but of course that is mere speculation. “ Eddi’s Service ” is another short gem of narrative poetry, and “ Sir Richard’s Song,” with its irresistible cry of “ But now England has taken me ! ” is a poem of wonderful appeal.

Kipling has few equals as “ the exultant singer of the sea and the sea-wind, the high-hearted lyrist of the great deeds and Imperial destiny of England.” Even a man from Bedfordshire, as Stevenson has observed, who scarcely knows one end from the other of the channel steamer till she begins to move, and is as sea-sick as Nelson, feels a proprietary interest in the sea, and no poet has expressed it in larger language than Kipling. If one had time, it would be a delightful task to go through Kipling’s writings and make a little anthology of his sea-music. It would have on the prefatory page those vivid stanzas on “ Poseidon’s Law ” telling how the brass-bound man must never act or tell a falsehood to the pulse and tide of the sea. It would give us that glorious song “ The Wet Litany,” with all the thrills and perils of the deep unseen sea as it swells and swings in the fog. It would give us “ The English Flag,” the song of the Red and White Ensigns of England’s sea power. As long as we love the sea, such an anthology should be dear to us as the music of the waves and wind.

At another time Kipling takes up his pen to sing the “ Glory of the Garden,” and shows that

the spirit of the gardener is, or should be, akin to the note droned and chanted by McAndrew's engines : LAW, ORDER, DUTY AND RESTRAINT, OBEDIENCE, DISCIPLINE.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders ;

If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders ;
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,

You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

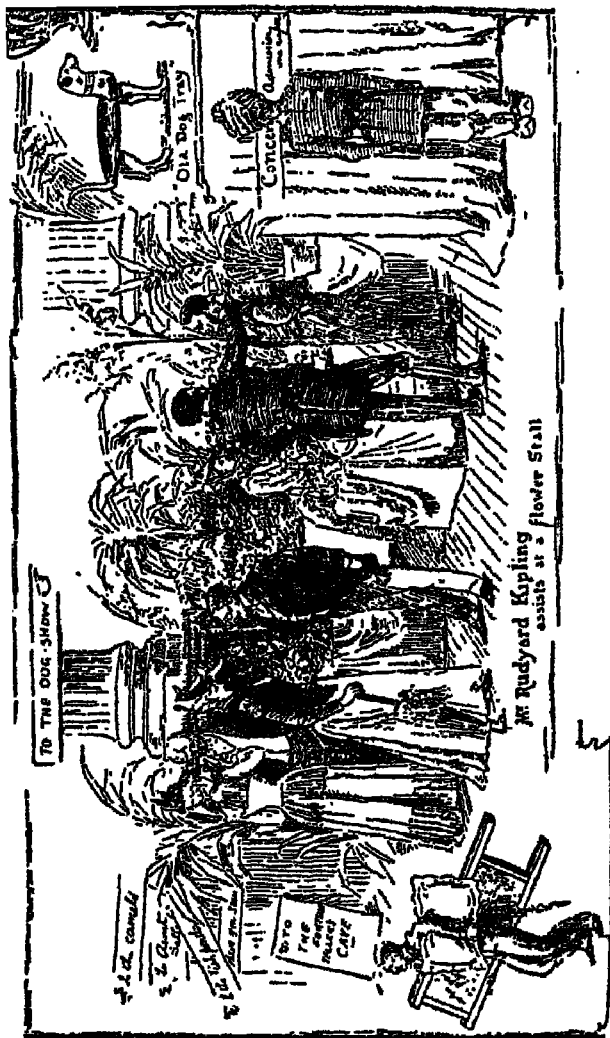
Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands
and pray

For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away ;
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away !

The pen-and-ink drawing of Rudyard Kipling assisting at a Bazaar flower stall, here reproduced, is unique. After nearly thirty years this piece of literary flotsam was cast up in a London sale room. It was sketched by F.H.A. for a proposed programme for Lady Lyall's Bazaar and Fancy Fair in aid of the building of the Albert Victor Wing of the Mayo Hospital, Lahore, December 18th and 19th, 1891. The figures depicted are undoubtedly well-known Anglo-Indians, and any reader who was in touch with Anglo-Indian officials, who were stationed in the Punjab, preferably at the Simla Headquarters in 1891, could give a good deal of information regarding them, especially if he saw

the original sketch, of which the reproduction only gives the central panel. In the upper panel is depicted "Mrs. Rattigan's Stall"—Mrs. Rattigan in 1891 was just married to Mr. H. A. B. Rattigan, who was at that time an Advocate of the Chief Court, Punjab. In the third and last panel, Lady Lyall, the wife of Sir James Lyall, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab (1887-1892), is depicted as serving refreshments at her stall. Finally one Tommy Dods, who cannot be traced, also figures in the same panel. This sketch, with a remarkable and comprehensive collection of Kipling's books and Kiplingana, was offered at auction by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge on April 4th, 1921.

Captain E. W. Martindell, who was the owner of the above collection, obtained from the same source as the Bazaar drawing an album of Indian photographs—most probably taken by Kipling himself—numbering twenty-eight in all, each with the title underneath in Kipling's handwriting, and four unpublished verses on the flyleaf entitled *A Ballad of Photographs*, in R.K.'s writing. The album was presented by the author to a charity bazaar in Simla. The verses are charming and most realistic word-pictures of the Indian views, which are displayed in "pomp of full-plate cabinet," and takes the reader from Benares Ghat to Mussoorie Woods; to the dead homes of kings—the East of the ancient navigators, so old and mysterious, so resplendent and



RUDYARD KIPLING ASSISTING AT A BAZAAR FLOWER STALL

sombre, living and immutable, full of peril and promise. But, alas! These early verses by Rudyard Kipling may be doomed never to see the light of day, as Mr. Kipling's literary agent refuses to allow them to be reproduced. And it is not unexpected that Kipling, who lives by the word alone—"the word picked and polished," should object to the impressions of youth, and the random tag-rag of his work in old albums being dragged before the searchlight of criticism.

Captain Martindell's presentation copy of *Echoes*, with the manuscript verses on the flyleaf, is also unique. The verses are headed, "Evelyn, from R.K., Sept. 1884." Kipling was only eighteen when he wrote these verses, and I am told that they sound an absolutely different note from any of his other verse. This poem, I fear, must also remain unpublished. In an interesting letter to me on his collection of Kipling manuscripts, proofs and letters, Captain Martindell writes as follows :

You might like to know that the poem "Cleared" was first written as being in phonetic Irish; but the author, when he corrected the proof, deleted the phonetic Irish spelling throughout, e.g., "patroit" to "patriot"; "av coorse" to "of course," etc. The original MS. of "Tomlinson" is most interesting, and varies very considerably from the version that appeared in *Barrack Room Ballads*. At one point the words "RANK BAD" have been written in the margin, and above W. E. Henley attempted with characteristic courage rather than success to improve on two of the lines. On the same folio against the line

commencing "Winnow him out" is Kipling's comment : "If you cut this out I'll kill you." Later on four lines are deleted, and the author wrote four others in substitution, while the last six lines have been entirely omitted and do not appear in the poem as printed. My Kipling letters are most interesting. One says : "As to the *Ballads of East and West*, the Abzai are a tribe on the Indian frontier. The Bonairs are another tribe. They were mentioned to show the scope of Kamel's raids. Fort Bukloh and The Tongue of Jagai do not exist in space. There is a fort Minto, but it is not near the hunting grounds of Kamel." Kipling's contributions to the *United Service College Chronicle*, after he left Westward Ho!, were signed under various names, e.g., "The Song of the Gates," in No. 16, October 15th, 1883, was signed "Gigs"; "On Foot Duty," in No. 18, March 28th, 1884, was signed "Z. 54 R.A."; "The Ride of the Schools," in No. 21, October 30th, 1884, was signed "N.W.P."

CHAPTER VII

MR. KIPLING OF POOK'S HILL

MR. KIPLING is eagle-like in his way of life and choice of environment too. He keeps well out of the way of all the social shrubberies and lives a very retiring life at his huge Elizabethan manor-house at Burwash. After living the simple life of a Sussex landowner for twenty-five years, he has become a part of this agricultural background, and people passing him on the road take no notice of him. Kipling, like the partridge squatting among the stubble, has become so toned to the weather-beaten farm where he lives as to be invisible.

He is a great lover of the wood fire, and you may know him to be a resident of East Sussex by his lines :

I've buried my heart in a ferny hill,
Twix' a liddle low shaw an' a great high gill,
Oh hop-bine yaller an' wood-smoke blue,
I reckon you'll keep her middling true !

He spends many an hour with his pipe by the great open wood fire in his Elizabethan living-room. Here he holds converse with farm-bailiff

or visitor. It is a room where the centuries mingle and fade away with the mist in the high roof, where the firelight hardly reaches and where the black oak beams are squared mightily, like the framework of some tall ship of the days of Drake. Around and above the room—and, indeed, throughout the house—you may see ironwork made four hundred years ago by the man who settled in this nook and built the house somewhere about 1580. He was possibly one of the Collins family, who were ironmasters here and in the adjoining parishes. Members of this family, Master John Collins and his brother Tom, master at Stocken's forge, are mentioned by Kipling in his story "Hal o' the Draft," as being concerned in gun-founding and gun-running.

It is quaint how superstition and modern progress clash in this untrodden nook by Kipling's home. I met a shepherd who still believed in the power of a "charm" against the ague—a sickness that five out of six countrymen suffered from fifty years ago. The charm was a three-cornered piece of paper, suspended round his neck, and inscribed :

Ague, I thee defy ;
Three days shiver,
Three days shake,
Make me well for Jesu's sake.

Roaring above the shepherd's head was one of our super-aeroplanes which fly from London to Paris with mails and passengers. Mr. Kipling

says that his house is used as a landmark by the airmen. If it is misty, they will sometimes dive down low to count his six odd chimney stacks.

On one occasion, Mr. Kipling met one of the pilots on solid earth. "Yes," said the aeroplanist, "I know you, but only topographically. You are a round pond, a square pond, and six chimneys in a row."

Mr. Kipling must have been rather amused to find his literary fame was ignored and that he was only a place on the map to the flying men.

One can imagine Mr. Kipling remarking somewhat humbly, "Perhaps it is only natural that these miraculous bird-men should look down on a mere juggler with words."

Burwash, in days gone by, was famous all over Sussex for a hatter who lived in the village street. His productions were of an amazing durability. One who remembered this old hatter writes: "One particular kind of hat, called 'dog's-hair' hats, had this further peculiarity, that if a man wished to reach something, say from a shelf, and found himself hardly tall enough, he had nothing to do but put down his hat upon the ground and stand upon it; it would bear him without a sign of yielding. A man who used to wear one of these imperishable helmets told me that till it had got well sweated to the shape of the head, wearing it was 'all one as if you had your head in the stocks.' The two



THE BELL INN AT BURWASH

This hostelry figures in several of Kipling's Sussex stories

finer kinds of material used in our hats were 'hare's flick' or 'rabbit flick.' Hats of the former kind were, I believe, expensive and quite aristocratic, and were reserved principally for Sunday and special occasions."

Leaning on his scythe, just outside "Bate-man's," I saw a veritable copy of Father Time. This old man with closely shaven, sunken lips, a face that was furrowed with a thousand wrinkles, and pale blue eyes, might have been a hundred—and probably was. I was informed that he "belonged" to Mr. Kipling, that is to say, he was an appendage to the estate and Kipling had befriended him and was looking after him in his old age. The old labourer told me that he "never had no schoolen."

"But can't you read?" I questioned.

"I can't tell a gurt A from a bull's foot. Sometimes I takes up a picture paper, but I can't tell when I got'n upside down or not, 'cepten when I see a house there with the chimney downwards, then I knows I be holden paper upsidedown."

Burwash Church is greatly admired by artists as well as by antiquarians, and it is faithfully described by Kipling in his volume of stories, *Puck of Pook's Hill*. Even nowadays the church is much as it was when wicked John Collins the ironmaster hid his guns in the church tower before sending them down to Port of Rye to sell to the King's enemies. Climbing up the

narrow, dark stairs to the bell loft the more than usually imaginative pilgrim will remember that old Collins the iron-founder gave the church a new chime of bells—that is, if we are to believe Kipling's story. After having been caught red-handed smuggling guns to Sir Andrew Barton this crafty old forge-master wriggled out of the hangman's hands and became filled with religious zeal—until the scandal had abated. He was somewhat of a wag, was Collins, and appreciated the humour of the situation. When the ringers had “rung the new chime in” the old fellow pinched the bell rope: “Sooner she was pulling yon clapper than my neck,” he said. That was all! Kipling remarks, “that was Sussex . . . silly Sussex for everlasting!”

The most remarkable possession of the old church is the very rare ironwork slab which commemorates this waggish ironmaster. The inscription in long-tailed Longobardic characters is much injured by long exposure to the tread of feet, but one can still make out the words: *Orate p . . . annema John Colinas*. Because this iron slab has been placed upright in the wall of the south aisle it is said that the ironmaster left directions that he was to be buried standing up in the wall, “neither in the church nor out of it,” so that his master, “the old ’un” (the Devil), could not get him when he died. Perhaps his side-sellings and bye-dealings with the King's enemies weighed heavily on his conscience and

would have prevented him from lying quietly in the usual grave like other good folk.

At Brightling Church, about five miles away, there is an imposing array of monuments to the Collins family, of Socknersh Manor, who are the ironmasters described in Kipling's story.

The sexton of Burwash Church is a part of the natural scene. The churchyard is his garden, and the pilgrim will generally find him there leaning on his broom or scythe. This old man with closely shaven, sunken lips, is a humorist who pokes his joke at you coyly, and they say that he is the only villager who can move Mus' Kipling to laughter. His phrase for burials is "Putting 'em to bed with a spade." He has many amusing anecdotes, and one is of an old-fashioned squire. "I was grave-digger and Jack-at-a-pinch for all jobs in those days, and one morning I received a note from Squire Hussey to have the family vault opened to receive the body of his good mother, who had departed this life. Lady Hussey, she was mightily respected, you mind, but she was cruelly suspected of being over-much fond of a glass of genuine Jamaica. Well, then, when I opened the vault I found it so chuckful of the old Hussey coffins that there would be no room for another of 'em. So I wrote a note to the Squire telling him her ladyship could not rest there as there was no room. But not being much of a scholar I wrote 'rum' instead of 'room.' It was not long before the Squire was round to see me,

with my note in his hand. I can see him now as he sat in my chair, booted and spurred, and wearing white leather breeches. How he did laugh, too! 'Anthony,' he said to me, 'this note of yours is funny enough to knock a lark out o' the sky. Oh Lord! Her ladyship will not be wanting any more rum yet awhile!'

Kipling is very faithful to the ancient names of the Sussex people, and employs them with a sure sense of portraiture of place in his books. "Hal o' the Draft" in *Puck of Pook's Hill* tells his friends that "the Dawes have been buried for six generations" in Burwash Church. This name still lingers in the neighbourhood, and the family have always been noted for their skill in craftsmanship. The beautiful iron gates in the porch of Burwash Church were made by Master Dawe, a blacksmith at Franchise Farm, for the restoration of the church in 1856.

The small, shingled spire of the church is quaint. The "shingles" are wooden tiles made of hard butt oak pinned to the spire with oak pegs. During a dry summer they grow loose and will rattle in a most alarming way in the eddies of the wind. But they will never blow away. Every summer for two hundred years the wind has tried to displace them, but every summer they have held on till the rain has come to tighten them once again.

The old mill by Kipling's house will not fail to arrest attention. It appears in "Below the Mill

Dam" in his *Traffics and Discoveries*, and in several of the Puck stories. Alas! the old order changes! It is with feelings of genuine regret that we find a turbine in place of the old wheel which had clacked and ground her corn "ever since Domesday Book." The turbine now drives the electric light plant for Kipling's house. It was in this mill that the wheel objected to being considered mechanically after she had been painted by five Royal Academicians!

The Dudwell, which flows at the back of "Bateman's," supplies the water to the mill, and often in the winter time invades the gardens and lower rooms of the houses. The farmer who once had the Dudwell at the bottom of his garden, has more often, in days of flood, his garden at the bottom of the Dudwell. Such a flood is described in the story, "Friendly Brook" (*A Diversity of Creatures*).

The glassy mill-dam with its dripping willows often reflects the pensive figure of Kipling with his rod searching for the crafty trout which abound in this pool. He enjoys the voluptuousness of the solitude here which he has described as "a sort of thick, sleepy stillness smelling of meadow-sweet and dry grass."

Under a wagon shed near at hand stand several Sussex wains—a type of wagon which has not changed during the last five hundred years. With their gondola-shaped fronts and enormous wheels they look more in keeping

with the wooden warships of a bygone age than with the motor-ploughs of a twentieth-century farm. They are all inscribed: Kipling, Bateman's Farm, Burwash. It was such wains as these that Sir John Pelham, of the story "Hal o' the Draft," sent to Burwash to carry the serpentine and demi-cannon to Lewes.

The fields roll up from Kipling's house to Pook's Hill as he has described in "Weland's Sword"—and beyond the ground "rises and rises for five hundred feet, till at last you climb out on the bare top of Beacon Hill . . . and the naked South Downs." And is it not in one of the mighty hills of the Downs that Kipling confesses his soul to be?

I've given my soul to the Southdown grass
And sheep-bells tinkled where you pass.
Oh Firle an' Ditchling an' sails at sea,
I reckon you keep my soul for me.

It must no longer be possible to say that "the literary geography of Kipling would be everywhere save where the distinguished writer's forbears dwelt," as William Sharp has remarked, or that "he lacks altogether the faculty of attaching himself to any cause or community finally and tragically," as Mr. Chesterton has informed us. Both of these remarks are singularly inaccurate. We now know that the author has finally and irrevocably attached himself to a certain part of England. No! Kipling may have once been called "The Man from Nowhere," but he cannot

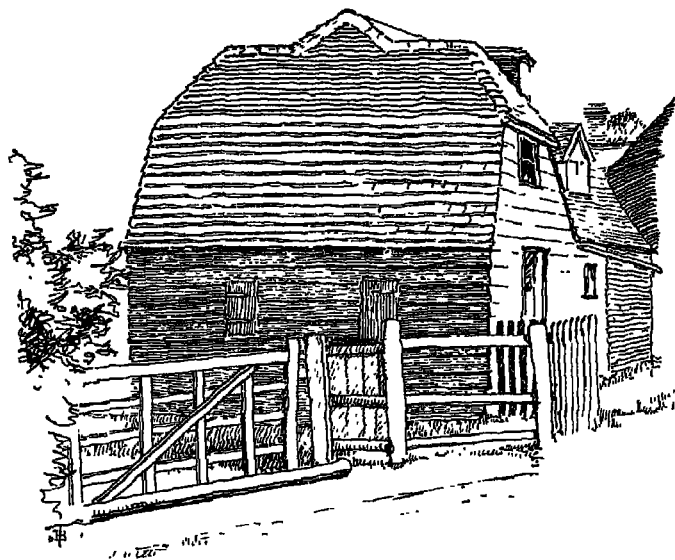
be regarded as the Man without a Country, for the lot has fallen to him in "a fair ground—Yea, Sussex by the Sea." Kipling's worship of England is of a distinctly ritualistic type, and dispels at once Mr. Chesterton's conflicting remarks that he is "naturally a cosmopolitan," and that he displays a lack of patriotism. Such verse as the author has given in his beautiful tribute to Sussex in *The Five Nations* is more than love for England, it rises to passion. The verses are wreathed with Sussex incense and starred with Sussex tapers. There is a little-known letter written by Kipling to a motoring friend, which shows the author to be an infatuated admirer of rural England :

To me it is a land of stupefying marvels and mysteries ; and a day in the car in an English county is a day in some fairy museum where all the exhibits are alive and real and yet none the less delightfully mixed up with books. For instance, in six hours I can go from the land of the *Ingoldsby Legends* by way of the Norman Conquest and the Barons' War into Richard Jefferies' country, and so through the Regency, one of Arthur Young's less known tours, and *Celia's Arbour*, into Gilbert White's territory. On a morning I have seen the Assizes, javelin-men and all, come into a cathedral town ; by noon I was skirting a new-built convent for expelled French nuns ; before sundown I was watching the Channel Fleet off Selsea Bill, and after dark I nearly broke a fox's back on a Roman road. You who were born and bred in the land naturally take such trifles for granted, but to me it is still miraculous that if I want petrol in a hurry I must either pass the place where Sir John Lade lived or the garden where Jack Cade was killed.

In Africa one has only to put the miles under and go on ; but in England the dead, twelve coffin deep, clutch hold of my wheels at every turn, till I sometimes wonder that the very road does not bleed. *That* is the real joy of motoring—the exploration of my amazing England.

Yes, I still think that England holds a very foremost position in Kipling's affections. The little details in country life and in nature attract Kipling surprisingly, and we find in his "An Habitation Enforced" how George Chapin, American multi-millionaire, feels the call of the Old Country.

Chapin, an overworked and broken-down American, and his wife Sophie are the principal characters. The doctors have just informed him that his nervous complaint will end in a speedy death unless he stops work at once. At the moment when he is stricken down with this malady of the soul, his career had just reached the culminating moment when he was going to break up all opposition, and rule the greater part of America with the iron hand. Thus, by the interception of the divine janitor, he is cheated of his plunder. The doctors' command must be obeyed, and Chapin and his wife set out for Europe. They can find no rest for their souls on the Continent; not even the enchanted gardens of Italy can hold them, and the millionaire still yearns for the traffic and barter of the market-place. They see everything that is to be seen ; they go everywhere at the bidding of guide-books



THE OLD WATER MILL AT BURWASH

and fellow-travellers ; only at last in England, in a village in the southern counties, do they attain that peace of the soul which all along they have been seeking. So the millionaire, who has been accustomed to the boldest operations on money markets of the world, is bewitched by the Old Country. He becomes a simple English country gentleman, loving the slow and quaint workings of the village mind. And here, in the quiet old world, all the good things of life which the bustling new world denied them, came to their aid—health, rest, and parentage. “They have returned as strangers : they shall remain as sons.” Indeed, the old house which they have purchased has an eternal allurements, for it seems that, led by a star of accident, they had found the very estate that was once owned by their forbears. As I have hinted, a son is born to them, and thus does an old rustic lecture the sometime financier on the distinction between the temporary and the enduring. It is a discussion over the building of a bridge across a brook in the Gale Anstey Woods. Chapin is in favour of the New York slapdash way with a few pine planks, but the old farmer remarks :

“You can put up larch and make a temp’ry job ; and by the time the young master’s married, it’ll have to be done again. Now, I’ve brought down a couple of as sweet six-by-eight oak timbers as we’ve ever drawed. You put ’em in, an’ it’s off your mind for good an’ all. T’other way

... he'll no sooner be married . . . 'ave it all to do again."

Mr. I. S. Cobb, in the *New York Evening Post*, tells how Kipling takes a great pleasure in the trivial little objects and customs of rustic life—those simple things that are best of all.

On a walk after lunch, Mr. Cobb remarked the number and the tameness of the pheasants, and the little English robins.

"Ah! you know birds," said Kipling. "I don't know birds so well, though I'm fond of them. I wish you would stay until after dinner," he went on, "I'd like you to hear a nightingale that comes every evening to our garden. I know all the popular illusions about the nightingale; but the truth is, he's a blackguard with a gift of music in his throat that he can't control—a noisy swashbuckling blackguard of the garden. He comes here at night and he proceeds to abuse all his enemies for all he's worth. It's feathered profanity in a disguise of harmony, and he gets so worked up over it, that he finally ends in an inarticulate gurgle."

On a walk in the garden they came upon a mason adjusting a grape-vine trellis in a concrete block about five feet below the surface of the ground.

"Do you see how substantially he's doing that?" said Kipling. "That should be interesting to an American, who is used to seeing things done in a hurry. But here in Sussex they

build for the ages. Once I asked a man why he ploughed so deeply, and I asked this mason why he went as far as five feet down for his concrete foundation when two feet or three feet would do, and they both made the same answer—a phrase that I have learned since is commonly in use in Sussex, like an adage or motto. ‘We do it this way,’ they said, ‘for the honour of the land.’ I thought that had a fine sound—a deference to the soil that nourished them, like a son patting his mother’s cheek.”

CHAPTER VIII

KIPLING AND A FILM PLAY

MYSTERY surrounds a scenario which is said to have been worked out in a rough draft by Kipling and an American film director at Burwash. As the scenario¹ was supposedly written in 1923, it seems a curious thing that nothing more has been heard of it. It is dangerous to deal with unpublished work of this kind, but as I have seen the outline of a scenario which is represented to be the original idea conceived by Kipling, it is perhaps worth a general description in this book.

However, it must be understood that, in all probability, there is nothing of Kipling's original work in the following outline. It may be entirely the work of film studio authors and "script girls" with only the germ idea taken from Kipling's stories.

Also I have been compelled to add material here and there to give the story continuity.

The following characters are introduced :

¹ The scenario was reprinted in the *New York Times* with photographs of Mr. Kipling's holograph notes.

ANDREW MACINTOSH, a Cambridge man who has fallen through drink, married a native wife, and altogether lost caste. His story is epitomized in Kipling's story, "To be Filed for Reference," to be found in *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

CHARLES CARTHEN, a new character introduced into the Photoplay.

ETHEL STRONNARD; her name was mentioned by MacIntosh Jellaludin in the delirium which preceded his death, in "To be Filed for Reference."

MOTHER MATURIN, the native woman to whom Andrew MacIntosh goes after his wife elopes with Charles Carthen.

FUNG-T'CHING, the Chinaman who kept the opium den known as "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows."

ANNE OF AUSTRIA, a harpy among the men of a low doss-house used by seamen. See "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-house."

HANS, a blue-eyed Dane, killed at Fultah Fisher's boarding-house, by Salem Hardeiker. Anne of Austria loots a silver crucifix from Hans when he dies.

The story opens in the peaceful English countryside. There is a house-party at the manor-house of the Stronnard family. One can imagine the Stronnards' home—some old Elizabethan structure with sprawling inequalities of roof and wall, flagged passages, black ceiling beams, and

old ample chimney shafts. Here, in this sleepy old-world atmosphere, Fate throws three young people together and binds their lives together with tragic bonds. The characters are Andrew MacIntosh, Charles Carthen, and Ethel Stronard. The two young men aforementioned have just graduated from Cambridge, and are both infatuated with Ethel, the daughter of the house. They are among the guests of the house-party, and Ethel is more attracted by Carthen than by his friend. However, Carthen falls into Ethel's displeasure by flirting with some other girl, and is afterwards snubbed by her. After this Ethel becomes engaged to MacIntosh. The engagement is not so much her preference for MacIntosh as her desire to take swift vengeance on Carthen.

MacIntosh and Carthen look forward to sailing for India, the land in which both their careers have been mapped out. MacIntosh marries Ethel, and they are the first to sail. The film gives a picture of the pair on the deck of the departing steamer: "Ethel is clinging affectionately to her husband, and they are, apparently, very happy." The background of the photoplay now changes to the vivid many-coloured streets of India.

Carthen is now a Crown Prosecutor, and MacIntosh is a successful barrister. The film flashes up a sub-title: "The Home of Blind Love and Brooding Discontent," and we get a view of the interior of Ethel's home. Ethel, like every young married wife, is just feeling the

usual depression after all the excitement of the first few months of married life has become merged in a commonplace existence.

MacIntosh has buried his head in a pile of documents and Ethel is reading a book. On the table is a shaded lamp which throws a rich red glow on Ethel's luxuriant hair. After a few moments Ethel closes the book and complains to MacIntosh that he does not give her the companionship for which she craves. He pushes his documents aside and, crossing the room, bends over Ethel and tenderly kisses her on the forehead. The sheen of her hair attracts him, and he tenderly runs his fingers over it. He suggests to Ethel that he would like to cut off one of the curls to wear in a scapular around his neck. Ethel seems a little bored at the idea, but, at the same time, she is rather pleased that her husband has admired her hair.

The lock of hair in the scapular is meant to be a dominant idea running through the photoplay. In the first close-up of Ethel in a river scene at Cambridge, back in England, her hair is meant to attract particular attention. I am informed that in the original scenario there is a note in Kipling's handwriting: "a 'sunlight glint' should heighten the effect of Ethel's hair, with the intention of drawing the attention of the audience."

The film now takes us to Ethel alone on the following day. She stands before a tall, swinging mirror, hands clasped behind her. Her own

beauty smiles back at her in every line and curve. In her eyes there is just a hint of sadness—a hint of dangerous waters that have been dammed too long. She takes up a pair of scissors and cuts off a long curling strand of hair. She holds it up and gazes at it with a sad, thoughtful look in her eyes, and then taking some silk and a needle begins to sew a small bag to hold it.

Carthen calls upon her while she is at work on the scapular, and she tells him how MacIntosh suddenly wished to wear a lock of her hair around his neck. As she tells the story her face becomes a mask of martyred endurance. She wishes to convey to Carthen that MacIntosh is still an ardent lover, but that perhaps she is just a little bit bored over it all. She takes the strand of hair and holds it before Carthen, and then folds it up in the bag and sews it up into a scapular.

Afterwards she places the scapular around her neck and asks Carthen playfully if he would like one like it. Her manner has now become rather coquettish—her eyes are turned invitingly towards Carthen, and those eyes remind him of England and kisses and moonlight. He looks at Ethel in the old familiar way of long ago. She stands, smiling, seductive. Ethel's eyes lead Carthen irresistibly from the earth to the stars, and he moves impulsively towards her, seizes her, and tells her he loves her. She breaks away from him with an easy grace which betrays a certain purposefulness—a kind of bravery, as of

one who walks fearlessly into perilous waters. Her eyes flirt and challenge him at the same moment, and her sensuous charm weaves itself about him. Again he seizes her and draws her into an embrace. But Ethel keeps a certain stubborn curb upon her senses, and with an effort pushes Carthen away.

She hotly upbraids him.

"Your passion is shouting down your intelligence," she flashes out. "If you are to remain my friend never behave like this again."

Carthen, unabashed, stands regarding her stubbornly and says :

"Well, my only sin is that I love you—and I can't help that."

But Ethel has no intention of giving way to Carthen, and she strikes a gong, summoning a servant who ushers him out. With the departure of Carthen a slow smile of triumph comes into Ethel's eyes. But her mood changes swiftly and she picks up the scapular and raises it to her lips. Her fancy is caught between the memory of her husband's love and Carthen's passionate advance. She is drifting towards the meeting of two turbulent streams.

Can she stop herself drifting ? She ought to be able to do so. Hadn't she better ?

She stands still, thinking.

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Fung-Tching is the leather-worker of the

town, and to his shop MacIntosh carries one of Ethel's dancing slippers to have a nail hammered back. Fung-Tching has a young and pretty wife, and while MacIntosh is waiting she looks round the corner of the curtain at the back of the shop. She catches MacIntosh with her eyes, and smiles in such a coquettish way that he is forced to smile back.

Fung says : " Bad thing, nail in foot—always hurting, always hurting."

At the doorway of the leather-worker's shop we are introduced to Mother Maturin, a Mohammedan woman. Her eyes are audacious, challenging, mysterious, and they light with interest when she sees MacIntosh. She advances, and with a slow smile offers MacIntosh a poinsettia in bloom. He refuses the Oriental jade's flower, but his eyes betray his amusement. The floral appeal of the Indian dancing-girl is well known to him, and he quickly repulses the woman.

Fung finishes the job and hands the shoe to MacIntosh, and he departs. Mother Maturin's eyes follow him, and in them is desire, mystery of the East, and tenderness.

MacIntosh walks slowly back to his bungalow. He laughs softly to himself at the idea of the Mohammedan woman offering him the floral token of love. When he reaches home he kisses his wife ; and with a show of affection she produces the completed amulet. He hangs it about

his neck, saying, at the same time: "With this nothing but good can come to me."

Before she is aware of it Ethel is in her husband's arms. She pulls back from him, looking into his face with wide-opened eyes. MacIntosh raises her chin with one hand, in the same way that Carthen did when she had caught him kissing another girl in the old garden of the manor-house in England. Ethel closes her eyes, for her husband's action brings back an instantaneous vision of that scene of bitter memories.

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The film now opens up a new scene. We are taken to another far corner of the world. At the gateway, before a cottage, are Hans, "the blue-eyed Dane," and his sweetheart, to whom he is saying good-bye. Ultruda weeps as he embraces her. She hangs a silver crucifix about his neck.

The scene shifts back to India, and we find two wives, one white, the other yellow, treading the perilous path of forbidden love. First we get a glimpse of the club-house lawn. Seated at one of the little tables are Carthen and Ethel. They no longer trouble to hide the fact that they are more in love with each other than ever. Carthen speaks to her with a certain caressing languor in his voice, and Ethel smiles back with a melting and alluring look in her eyes. MacIntosh arrives from his office, and interrupts their meeting.

Fung's wife is playing the same dangerous

game as Ethel. We are shown Fung at work in his shop. He raises his eyes and catches his wife exchanging signals with a young Chinese customer. His eyes kindle with a malicious fire, but he does not give his wife any warning that he has discovered her secret amour.

We next get a view of the trysting-place where Fung's wife is waiting for her lover. The spot is on the border of a field of full-grown corn, and the lover approaches over the open country. Before the young Chinaman has reached the cornfield Fung's wife suddenly flings up her arms and falls to the ground. There is a movement of someone scurrying in the corn at the back of her. Afterwards we are given a close-up of Fung's wife on the ground, Kipling specifying: "Eyes turn in her head as she dies."

Tittle-tattle and rumours follow the intimacy of Ethel and Carthen, and one of the club gossips calls on MacIntosh at his office to warn him of his wife's foolish conduct. MacIntosh treats her with icy courtesy.

"If I cannot trust Ethel," he says, "there is no honour left in the world."

He bows the lady-gossip out of his office, and as she passes out a Chinese boy enters to ask him to come to the aid of Fung, who has been charged with the murder of his wife.

In the meantime Carthen has called upon Ethel and is using all his powers of persuasion to make her elope with him.

"Fate is too strong for me," she says, "I must go with you."

Carthen conquers as she surrenders to his embrace. He draws her close and she sighs in her new-found happiness, while life drifts past in a flurry of delightful seconds.

How fragile a foundation is their happiness builded upon!

Fung is placed on trial, MacIntosh defending him, and Carthen carrying on the prosecution. Mother Maturin is among the spectators, and she follows MacIntosh's brilliant pleading for the life of the Chinaman with an emotion that shows admiration and desire.

A view of Ethel's bedroom finds her making hurried preparations for an elopement. A suitcase is open on the floor, and into this she has thrown articles of clothing and small personal belongings in careless haste. Her face is gloomy, and gives one the impression that she has an idea at the back of her mind that her actions will lead to something evil—perhaps something appalling. But the die is cast now, and she cannot turn back.

Her eyes catch sight of her husband's photograph on the wall. Her body stiffens. For a moment she sinks into thought, and then she takes the photograph down and looks intently at the man she has disgraced. She stares at the photo until it dances before her eyes, and then she sinks down into a chair. The eyes of her

absent husband accuse her. They say traitress—traitress—traitress. She turns to flee from those eyes ; but they pursue her ruthlessly.

A native woman attendant enters, and Ethel pulls her nerves together again. She makes the photograph into a small parcel and hands it to her servant.

“ Give this to your master when he returns,” she instructs.

“ Any message ? ” queries the servant.

“ No—that is all,” Ethel answers.

On account of MacIntosh’s clever defence of Fung the jury bring in a verdict of “ Not Guilty.” Carthen comes out of court, and without delay drives to Ethel’s bungalow, where he helps her into his dog-cart and drives away.

MacIntosh comes out of court and is besieged by friends, who congratulate him on his impassioned address to the jury. Mother Maturin and Fung are not able to catch his attention, but, nevertheless, they stand at a respectable distance and worship him.

Fung sees Carthen help Ethel into the dog-cart and drive away. A swift look of comprehension passes over his face. He now knows that a white wife can be just as unfaithful as a yellow one.

MacIntosh returns and the native servant hands to him the packet containing his own photograph. He has been puzzled to find that his wife is not at home, but immediately he

opens the packet the meaning of her absence is clear. He shakes himself quickly, as though to throw off the shock and tears up the photo. The dusky attendant stands behind him with a slow smile on her face—mocking, mysterious. MacIntosh waves her away, and she pads out on silent feet.

MacIntosh slumps down into a chair. The room wheels hideously around him and he feels a dreadful choking sensation in his throat. His hand goes up to loosen his collar and he touches the scapular—now an omen of all that is evil. He tears it away from his neck, and is about to cast it away when he hears a faint muttering noise in the shadows of his room. The split reed curtain sways and a shadow crosses the room. He finds Fung standing before him.

“No—do not throw the charm away,” whispers Fung. “Keep him until the end of the story.”

MacIntosh looks at the Chinaman bewilderingly. He seems to have lost all power to act for himself and is passively—if apathetically—obedient. He replaces the charm around his neck, draws a deep breath, and falls to the floor. Fung bends over him, murmuring :

“Here are two men—one has killed his wife, and the other’s wife has killed him.”

.

The scene has again changed. Some weeks

have passed and we see MacIntosh sitting in his office. His face is grey and he sits at his desk in a curiously broken attitude—somehow his attitude suggests a body and soul utterly broken. He leans his elbows on the table, and thrusts his stubby, ill-shaved chin into the palms of his hands. His eyes turn out to the roadway, where a mat-weaver with cunning, swift fingers works on a brightly coloured Indian rug, but he does not see him. He sees instead the old house of the Stronnards in England, and Ethel waiting for him there in the garden—Ethel with eyes of astounding blue—Saxon eyes—lovely eyes . . . deceitful eyes. No, he would never believe that she was deceitful. There would be some explanation of the whole terrible chain of events. Ethel would write and explain. MacIntosh has turned to the bottle for comfort and consolation, and his choice of a liquor is not very fortunate. He is drinking raw, fiery brandy—the native stuff which lashes the brain and overpowers the whole body. He pours out a drink in a tall beaker, and the liquor slops over on the table, but he does not pay any heed to the spilling of it. He empties the glass at one gulp and makes a mock address to the bottle :

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute :
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

Then he laughs in a maudlin fashion. He fills

his pipe with trembling fingers, lights and puffs at it. He finds no taste or comfort in tobacco, and he hurls the pipe away from him. His face is like the face of a soul in hell, of a soul perishing at the bottom of a gulf of darkness and sin and treachery.

Fung silently enters at the doorway. He moves cat-like with his bare feet over the matting to where MacIntosh is sitting. He lays a hand gently on his shoulder. Fung has suffered the same torments as MacIntosh and possibly he is touched with pity.

"It is foolish to be dead whilst still alive," says Fung to him. "Do you want to die?"

The white man gazes at Fung.

"Well, the world has got the everlasting laugh of me. I've lost on every hand. Why should I want to live?"

Fung answers :

"Black smoke—five years. Brandy and black smoke—three years."

MacIntosh accepts. The Chinaman says :
"You come."

.

A year has passed. Day by day MacIntosh has worn out his mind with brandy and opium. Without the drugs he might have gone mad, or he might have started off murderously to search for Carthen. But the insidious power of opium absorbed all the violent energies of mind and

body, and brought a certain measure of forgetfulness.

In the next scene we are given a view of a Parsee shop. On the open portico are piles and piles of second-hand furniture, clothing, tropical bric-à-brac, and all kinds of lumber. The Parsee is a dealer in dead men's effects, and his shop has a pathetic note about it. A low four-wheeled carriage pulls up before the shop and one of MacIntosh's old club friends steps down from it. At the same moment MacIntosh himself appears. He ambles along without taking any notice of other people around him. He has lost the outside world in the mists of his own mind. He is bearded, tattered, and advertises to all that he has "gone native" by wearing slippers. He looks dully at the carriage. The following note ascribed to Kipling has been written in the margin of the manuscript: "A black check shirt without collar is MacIntosh's note. It is held by a bone stud and the lower buttons are missing. He has the drunkard's and the drug-taker's tremors in his hands and uses a stick as much to hide perpetual tremor as to help himself. The fingers work on the knob of it. Soiled yellow pongee coat all open; yellow tussore silk or very dirty white trousers (evidently slept in), and disreputable pith helmet. Keep well this side of comedy or farce. The ruin must be suggested, but not overpointed."

The club gossip comes out of the shop, but

does not recognize MacIntosh. Her dog has a better sight and memory, and runs straight for MacIntosh, barking joyously at him, and her attention is thus directly called to the stranger. She regards him first with idle curiosity and then with a quick flash of recognition.

"My God!" she exclaims, in amazement. "Are you Mr. MacIntosh?"

"I—I—believe I was *once*," he answers.

He shambles off; and the gossip hastens to spread the news, not omitting to drop a letter to Ethel.

The film is next switched on to Kipling's "Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-house." The verses are to be found in *Departmental Ditties*. The poem gives the reader a glimpse of life "in the raw" at a disreputable Eastern waterside haunt frequented by vagabonds, prostitutes, and seamen of all nations. Anne of Austria is the harpy among the company. Hans, a Dane, is the victim of a fatal brawl on the stairs, and from him Anne loots a silver crucifix which his girl had given to him. The atmosphere of this ballad is worked into the film, and several details are also borrowed.

Groups are at the table: Hans, the blue-eyed Dane; Pamba, the Malay; Carboy Gin, the Guinea cook; Salem Hardeiker, the Yankee, etc. A railed stairway leads to the floor above.

The only woman in the scene is Anne of Austria. Kipling wrote in this description of

her: "Dressed in black silk, swinging clear, cheap necklace imitation pearls, dancing slippers. Suggestion of unlimited stale harlotry; and compelling eyes; all, for the moment, dulled and masked by drink."

Hans is crossing to the door to leave the bar-room when Anne accosts him. He turns away from her, but she comes closer to him. MacIntosh comes in at this moment and takes a seat at one of the tables.

"You had better not try to slight me," Anne complains. "I am a dangerous woman, and a clever one." Anne's voice is soft and sibilant, and Hans feels the passion of her strike at his heart. She is like some hungry wild animal. Her eyes are appealing but inhuman. But Hans does not encourage her, and ends by walking away. In a rage Anne declares that the Dane has insulted her and calls upon a man called Hardeiker to avenge the insult. Knives are bared and Yankee and Dane engage in a terrible struggle. A dance of shadows on the wall—the flash of blades—and Hans drops to the floor stabbed and near to death.

Anne rushes over to the stricken Dane, who in one or two lucid intervals speaks about his love for the maid Ultruda who gave him the crucifix. Anne kneels by him holding his head in her lap. His breath gathers itself into a deep sigh . . . and stops. Anne takes the crucifix from the dead man's neck.

MacIntosh, who seems to be unaffected by the horrible deed, is watching Anne with a look of drugged meditation. But when Anne takes the crucifix he protests :

"Poor boy ! It is not fair to rob him of his God. . . . Take his life, but leave him his God !"

"Hold your snivelling tongue," sneers Anne as she places the crucifix in her breast.

For a few awkward moments Anne faces MacIntosh with devilish rage in her eyes. He mumbles something, puts his hand to his throat to make sure that his own scapular is safe, and goes out hurriedly.

Now we are taken back to Ethel again. She is seated reading a letter from the friend who encountered MacIntosh outside the Parsee shop. It comes as a terrible blow to her when she learns that MacIntosh has drifted down to opium and the native quarters. Her guiltiness in the matter fills her mind, and she decides to punish herself by giving up Carthen.

Ethel returns to her old home in England, and in a very impressive scene reveals all her indiscretions to her mother.

In the noisome upper room of the opium den — "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows" — we find MacIntosh deep asleep under the influence of the white poppy seeds. Mother Maturin is watching over him with the placid care of a faithful nurse. The scapular is still around his

neck. Once or twice Mother Maturin touches it with a look of superstitious fear in her eyes. Each time MacIntosh's long nervous fingers close over the scapular. . . .

The opium den is a strangely furnished chamber. Here we find Chinese idols, Fung's coffin that has been brought from China, and Kali, the eight-armed god of the Hindu, all jostling together. The air is heavy with the perfume of yasmeeen and the stale odour of opium. There is a profusion of yellow cushions and fat Oriental rugs. Kipling has remarked elsewhere that in such a place as this "the direct control of Providence ceases ; man being handed over to the power of the Gods and Devils of Asia. . . . This theory accounts for some of the more unnecessary horrors of life in India."

To this den of strange gods Anne of Austria finds her way, still grasping in her hand "the little silver crucifix."

In response to Mother Maturin's curious little hooting noise Fung appears at a curtained doorway at the back of the den.

Mother Maturin raises her fingers warningly ; then points to the scapular on MacIntosh's neck, and asks :

"Your Gods and my Gods—are they stronger than his Gods ?"

Fung reaches to snatch the scapular from MacIntosh's neck.

"That belonged to his wife—our Gods can

have no power over him so long as it is there."

Mother Maturin bars Fung with her hand.

"No . . . the time has not yet come. We will call the white woman here to see the charm broken."

Fung and Maturin make preparations for a "sending." Maturin shouts down the stairs and a half-naked seven-year-old is pushed into the den. Fung sends the boy into a trance by making rapid passes before his eyes with a glowing joss-stick. Maturin loots the scapular from MacIntosh and hands it to Fung.

From her bunk in the background Anne has been following their movements, and when the scapular is stolen she jumps up and protests :

"It is not fair . . . leave him his God."

Fung, without looking up, pushes Anne away with his foot, and she staggers back to her corner, still feebly protesting.

Fung, with his knife, slowly lays open the little silken bag. He removes the coil of hair and binds it across the forehead of the child. There is deep silence in the den as Fung waits expectantly for the spells to work—a silence as if the world is standing on tip-toe.

Suddenly the boy leaps up, crying out :

"I think I see . . . I see a white woman . . . many miles away."

Mother Maturin now steps forward, and herself takes over the working of the spells.

"Bid the white woman come hither . . . go."

Ethel is in her room in England. A sudden icy draught of wind stirs the curtains by the window. She is reading, but suddenly she drops the book with a puzzled look in her eyes.

"Something comes," she whispers, "a shadow of shadows."

Across the five-hundred-year-old lawn of the garden comes a little flickering shadow and passes over the doorstep. The door of Ethel's room opens ever so slightly. Faint muttering noises grow out of the gloom.

Then a curious little shadow falls athwart Ethel's table.

She looks at it curiously, and then puts out her hand to touch it. The "something" fascinates her. Then it suddenly comes home to her that someone is calling. A small voice seems to be calling . . . calling. She rises and stretches out her hands gropingly, as though she is being led along a perilously dark pathway.

Here the scenario writer interlines :

The spirit of Ethel rises from her body and drifts, following the shadow on the floor in front of her.

A series of double-exposures convey the impression of long flight and the sensations attending it ; the obsession of the great crowds, the terrors of the desert, the desolation and unrest of the seas, rain-swept waters—illimitable faces, illimitable spaces, illimitable flatness. Through all there is seen the hurrying shade of Ethel,

In the opium den Mother Maturin's eyes take on an expression of intense absorption.

Suddenly she holds up her hand and points to the door . . .

"A—ah!" she gibbers, pressing her back against the wall. "I feel her pass me. . . . My eyes cannot see, but ten thousand tongues are telling me that she is here." Then the shadow of Ethel forms slowly and faces Maturin. A huge white Persian cat springs up and arches her sleek back, and stands before the Presence that has entered.

Mother Maturin stands facing Ethel, anger and defiance blazing in her eyes.

MacIntosh begins to come to his senses again. He feels for his scapular, and Mother Maturin takes the lock of hair and places it in his groping hands. The shadow of Ethel turns and stretches her hands towards him. Slowly MacIntosh opens his eyes. The presence of Ethel seems to give him courage and balance. His eyes have lost their wild look, and his face is calm. Then Maturin snatches the lock of hair from him, and holds it in the flame of an opium lamp. The hair begins to burn, and as Maturin watches it a look of inscrutable malevolence fills her eyes.

"Poor, weak, simple worm!" she hisses. "Understand now that I sever you for ever from the white man. Now he has no other god but me."

The light becomes bright over the two heathen gods.

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Maturin orders the Shadow away. Fung watches gravely, and mutters :

“ Nail in foot—nail in heart—always hurting.”

The shadow fades away till it is hardly visible. It slowly drifts towards the door and hovers there.

Maturin clutches MacIntosh's arm, and, pointing to the shadow, says :

“ See, she is going . . . going for ever.”

MacIntosh gets up and backs away from Maturin.

But the shadow of Ethel does not dissolve. By some supreme effort she rouses herself to fresh energy, and defies the power of Mother Maturin. A film of light gathers around her, and, framed in a rose-coloured glow, it seems that the actual woman stands in the opium den. Yes, it is the corporeal figure of Ethel, smoothed and pearled by some unearthly touch ! Maturin cowers against the wall, babbling wildly and muttering charms.

The following marginal note was written in the script by Rudyard Kipling at this point :
“ The change in Maturin's face from conscious power of one who has compelled a ‘ sending ’ to the awful knowledge that the ‘ sending ’ itself has taken charge and is independent of her will and wish is like the crumbling of a whole life—utter and abject collapse and fear, increasing as the ‘ sending ’ returns from the door.”

Fung stands apart. He cannot understand how

it is possible for Ethel's soul to be so long separated from her body.

The boy suddenly awakens from his stupor, and looks around the room dreamily. As he opens his eyes, the silence that has hedged about the room gives way for a moment, and one hears the weird noises of the Oriental night, and, above all, the howling of jackals.

Mother Maturin entreats the boy to send Ethel back to her own people.

Now Ethel approaches the boy and begins to speak with him with hurried and passionate gestures. Maturin tries to break in upon them, but the child pays no attention to her and repeats Ethel's messages. The thread of the story is here broken by this insert :

(Note : The following dialogue carries the entire drama of the lives of MacIntosh and Ethel, and it is at the discretion and good judgment of the director as to the best arrangement of shots and lighting to give full tension value. The exchange is between the boy, as the Shadow's medium of speech, and Maturin.)

The boy says : "She takes his sins on her head."

Maturin answers : "On her head be it ! She does not take him from me."

The boy says : "She is content to wait."

Maturin answers : "How long ?"

The Spirit bends over MacIntosh as though kissing him, and then slowly backs to the door, where it stands against the curtain.

The boy says: "She is no more in the flesh."

The film now transports the audience to the Stronnards' home in England. Mrs. Stronnard is seen standing at Ethel's bedroom door, which is half open. She calls to Ethel, but gets no reply, and with a feeling of apprehension pushes the door open and walks into the room. Lying on the floor, she sees Ethel's body against the moonlit haze beyond. Her face, silhouetted against the black carpet, is peaceful. Her lips are curved in a last sweet smile. Ethel Stronnard has passed from life to death.

In the opium den the boy has regained possession of his normal senses. But he is now much agitated. The reaction after his trance fills him with terror and, moved with sudden impulse, he clings to Maturin. The native woman takes him by the hand and leads him out of the room.

MacIntosh mutters and is very uneasy in his opium stupor. His hand moves about his throat in search of the missing scapular. Anne of Austria is watching him, and suddenly she moves over to MacIntosh and hangs her crucifix on his neck.

Later Maturin returns, and on discovering the crucifix in place of the scapular, she shrinks back from the magic cross in terror. However, she wins back her nerve and makes as if to snatch it. MacIntosh at this moment clutches the cross firmly in his hand.

Maturin recoils, wringing her hands and moaning. As she reaches the door she sees that the spirit of Ethel is standing there.

Fung comes in and puts out the large kerosene lamp which swings from the ceiling. Day dawns, and the curtains at the back are pulled back, letting in the strong sunlight. The smoke from joss-sticks curls through the bright light of the sun, but the power of the "Strange Gods" is not now so threatening. MacIntosh rises, setting his feet on the floor.

"Something strange has happened. I have a feeling that a great burden has been lifted from my mind."

At this remark a look of apprehension comes into Maturin's eyes, and she replies :

"The morning has come. You have been dreaming foolish dreams. . . ."

MacIntosh looks up, and in his eyes we see a look of dawning health and sanity.

"No, no! Not foolish dreams, Mother Maturin. I have found perfect understanding. I am no longer an outcast . . . someone has claimed my soul from this living hell."

In MacIntosh's face is an expression of youthful triumph. He sees the shadow of Ethel waiting for him at the door and the shadow makes a mute signal to him to follow her. He moves towards her with slow, firm steps. Realizing that MacIntosh is under the influence of some mysterious and overwhelming compulsion,

Maturin covers her face with her hands and crouches in a corner of the room.

Meanwhile Anne of Austria stretches out her arms to MacIntosh in supplication, as though she fears to be left alone in the evil den. In face and expression she seems to be invested with renewed moral courage. Her eyes have in them an expression of penitence and sorrow. Tears sparkle on her cheeks . . . her lips move as though in prayer.

MacIntosh passes out of the den, and the shade of Ethel moves with him.

As MacIntosh and Ethel stands outside the "Gate of a Hundred Sorrows" the sun coming down through some filigree stonework catches them in a delicate tracery of light and shadow. MacIntosh's face is upraised and full of confidence.

The Spirit says : "Nor life, nor death can separate us now—I shall be with you always."

MacIntosh turns his eyes rapturously on Ethel, and she points to the silver cross around his neck. He slowly raises it to his lips.

CHAPTER IX

KIPLINGANA

OF the number of people who are frequently quoting, hearing, or reading the following poem, I suspect that only an infinitesimally small number know that the author is Robert W. Chambers, the novelist. It appeared for the first time in *The Pocket Magazine* in January, 1896, and the next year it was published in a volume of Mr. Chambers' verse issued by Stone and Kimball. It has been widely printed under the name of Rudyard Kipling by editors who have not troubled their heads as to who really wrote it, and since that time people have attributed the lines to him, also it has been stolen several times, and claimed as original by dishonest writers. It is true that the dialect might lead one to suppose that it was the production of Kipling, and it bears a very strong resemblance to the Mulvaney patois, but the line "Can ye loan me a quarter?" should definitely stamp it as the work of an American writer.

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden
"Be gob ye're a bad 'un ;

Now turn out yer toes !
Yer belt is unhookit
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabbers, ye look it !
 Wan—two !
 Wan—two !
Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly ye through !
 Wan—two !
 Time—mark !
Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Park ! ”

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden
 “ A saint it 'ud sadden
 To dhrill such a mug !
 Eyes front—ye baboon, ye !
 Chin up !—ye gossoon, ye ;
 Wan—two !
 Wan—two !
Ye whiskered ourang ou-tang, I'll fix you !
 Wan—two !
 Time ! Mark.
Ye've eyes like a bat ; can you see in the dark ? ”

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden
 “ Yer figger wants padd'n—
 Sure, man, ye've no shape !
 Behind ye yer shoulders
 Stick out like two boulders :
 Yer shins is as thin
 As a pair of pen-holders ;
 Wan—two !
 Wan—two !
Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew !
 Wan—two !
 Time ! Mark.
I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake but I bark ! ”

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden

“ Mc heart it ’ud gladden
To blacken yer eye.
Yer gettin’ too bold, ye
Compel me to scold ye—
’Tis halt ! that I say—
Will ye heed what I told ye ?

Wan—two !

Wan—two !

Be jabbers, I’m dhryer than Brian Boru !

Wan ! Two !

Time ! Mark.

What’s wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark ! ”

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden

“ I’ll not stay a gadd’n
Wid dagoes like you !
I’ll travel no farther.
I’m dyin’ for wather ;
Come on, if you like—
Can ye loan me a quarther ?

Ya-as you,

What—Two ?

And ye’ll pay the potheen ? Yer a daisy, Whurror !

You’ll do !

Whisht—mark.

The regiment’s flattered to own ye, me spark ! ”

There is an abundance of humour and not a little of Kipling’s spirit in the following parody which is the work of Percy French, a London entertainer whose art is humorous, and whose humour is artistic. This, as Mr. French declares, is the way Kipling would have written “ Baa, baa, Black Sheep.”

And this is the song of the black sheep,
And the song of the white sheep too,
And the auk, and the armadillo,
And the crocodile know it's true :
" Have I wool ? " said the baa, baa, black sheep,
" You ask me, have I wool !
When I yield each year to the shepherd's shear
As much as three bags full !
Have I wool ? " said the baa, baa, black sheep ;
" It is found in the sailor's socks,
Retaining their heat through the driving sleet
And the gale of the equinox ! "

Some years ago Mr. Kipling sent to the Secretary of the League of Empire a list of the fifty books and authors that he considered would stimulate interest in Imperial affairs amongst youthful readers to the best advantage. The list included : *The Story of an African Farm*, Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*, Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, and *The Light of Asia*. It is interesting to note that Chamberlain, who also sent a list at the same time, did not choose a single book mentioned by Kipling. There is, by the way, an unpretentious little tome that sometimes finds its way to the second hand book-stalls entitled *Hand-in-Hand, verses by a Mother and Daughter*, which contains some notable serious verse. Of course it is almost impossible to keep count of the little books of verse that make their way through the press, but a special interest attaches to this volume, for though no authors' names are given on the title page of the book, it can now

be definitely stated that the said "Mother and Daughter" are Rudyard Kipling's mother and sister. The first poem quoted below is from the part of the book written by the mother. It is a sonnet rendered in the Shakespearean form and shows that the writer has the power to create music-full phrases. The second poem is from the pen of the daughter, who, it may be mentioned, is responsible for the greater portion of the verse in this little book.

LOVE'S HYPOCRISY.

Her lips said "Go," her shining eyes said "Stay,"
How tell which was her meaning, which her will?
How read the riddle of her yea and nay,
And disentangle each, bewildered still?
Hearing her chilling tone, all hope expired;
Seeing her glowing eyes, despair took heart;
One moment certain of the good desired;
One moment turning, hopeless, to depart.
Then, as she stood, with half averted face,
From head to feet veiled from his ardent eyes
Sudden she changed, and with triumphant grace
Flung off the mantle of her soul's disguise!
Sweet hypocrite! how false was all her feigning,
Turning for flight, yet, while she turned, remaining!

LOVE'S MURDERER.

Since Love is dead, stretched here between us, dead,
Let us be sorry for the quiet clay:
Hope and offence alike have passed away.
The glory long had left his vanished head,
Poor shadowed glory of a distant day!
But can you give no pity in its stead?
I see your hard eyes have no tears to shed,
But has your heart no kindly word to say?

Were you his murderer, or was it I ?

I do not care to ask, there is no need.

Since gone is gone, and dead is dead indeed,

What use to wrangle of the how and why ?

I take all blame, I take it. Draw not nigh !

Ah, do not touch him, lest Love's corpse should bleed !

J. Lockwood Kipling once opened a very interesting discussion on the literary emotion of localities. As the stage property of the Genius Loci is used by his son so very effectively in the Sussex stories the views of Lockwood Kipling are worth quoting. Thomas Hardy, in the *Dorset County Chronicle*, told a story throwing light on the origin of Browning's poem "The Statue and the Bust": "During our stay in Florence in 1887 an incident occurred which may be worth recalling. Having seen the statue, we looked for the bust, but were informed by an obliging waiter standing at a door hard by that it had unfortunately been taken down from a particular spot in the palace façade, which he pointed out. He added luminous details, and I gave him a lira for his information. On the first Sunday after my return to London I met Browning, and he was interested to hear of the incident. 'But that waiter!' he added, with a hearty laugh, 'Why I invented the bust!' It is, of course, just possible, though not likely, that Browning's memory was in error, and that the friendly waiter did not lie. Curiously enough Mrs. Baxter inclined to the opinion that there

had been a bust and that the waiter spoke the truth."

Mr. Lockwood Kipling followed up Hardy's story with the following letter on the "Portraiture of Place."¹

"There may be students of Browning to whom the legend on which his poem is based is well known. I am not one of these, but long before Browning wrote 'The Statue and the Bust' Thomas Middleton, in his fine tragedy, 'Women, beware Women,' used the same story, encumbering it, however, with what Mr. Swinburne justly describes as a 'stupid and offensive' under-comedy. The slight parallelism and at the same time the complete diversity in the treatment of the motive by two great poets deserve careful study. Even in trivial details this study is not without interest to lovers of literature. The use by both writers of the phrase 'put case' for 'suppose' is suggestive, and there are, indeed, several characteristic Browningisms in Middleton and others of the older dramatists. But though you may trace affinities of form and kindred tricks of phrase in the later poet, the philosophy, the strenuous originality, subtlety, and surprise of Browning's work are all his own. And I shall suspect, till some learned commentator corrects me, that it was from Middleton, and not from a Florentine family legend, that Browning took the hint for his poem, inventing and adding the real

¹ *T.P.'s Weekly*, December 12th, 1902.

clou of the subject, Andrea della Robbia's medalion of the 'passionate, pale lady's face.' It is true that Robbia's authentic work on the neighbouring Foundling Hospital is but a row of bambini, which may or may not have given the poet a suggestion.

"All this, however, is not what I meant to write about. May we not find in the passion of the general reader for identifying and visiting the sites and scenes of the books he reads a lesson for writers? As Art, Browning's poem is neither better nor worse for its lack of terra cotta actuality. But it is not, like many great literary inventions, entirely hung in the air; it belongs at least to Florence, to a Grand Duke Ferdinand, whose statue stands in a square. And next Spring English and American Browning lovers will again go and gaze and croon his verses there, little dreaming of the real manner of their begetting. Nearer home we may see how the good Sir Walter's grip on his readers has endowed Scotland with an unfailing annual income of many thousands of pounds, derived from the hosts who seek out the scenery of his backgrounds. The place-lore of Dickens seems to swell in bulk as it becomes vaguer in detail.

"An American writer and photographer has hunted up the scenery of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*; a recent book was entirely devoted to the topography of Hardy-land, or Wessex; while

Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Quiller-Couch are setting pleasing puzzles to the Cornish and Devonshire tourists of the future. I know an Italian man of letters who told me with great satisfaction that, after days of search, he had succeeded in identifying a certain villa described in the *Lys Rouge* of Anatole France.

"Yet few writers deliberately set forth to portray a place, while no English story-teller has given to the delineation of a country town a tithe of the pains bestowed on such subjects by Balzac, or labelled his scene, as that great artist was wont to do, by its true name. There is a kind of literature, not necessarily of the *first* order, which cannot be too closely linked with life, and which seems to me by its neglect of vivid local detail to sacrifice a powerful element of interest and a distinct means of success.

"Why should an English shire, full of character and individuality, be disguised as Loamshire, or a manufacturing town as Spindleton or Steelborough? Sheffield and Manchester are grand subjects, and still wait for a master to describe them. Why, to take an instance from your own columns, should not Mr. Arnold Bennett, in his pleasant story of a pianist's one appearance, have written Tunstall for Turnhill, and 'Staffordshire Sentinel' for 'Staffordshire Signal,' and thus have secured for those who know their Staffordshire (several hundred readers) an agreeable and convincing touch of reality? Miss Fowler's vivacious

sketches, to choose one from many writers of the English novel, always seem to me vague and unconvincing because they happen nowhere in particular, while they are meant to be, and ought to be, as characteristically local as Eccles cakes or Ormskirk gingerbread.

“As to the risk of being accused of indulging in personalities, every story-teller among his friends and his public—but mainly among the former—includes a number of fools, who are always ready to point out the originals of his characters, and who need not be taken into account by any writer of tact and discretion. The ‘obliging waiter standing at a door hard by,’ the parish clerk, and the ‘oldest inhabitant’ who will furnish the tourist with luminous and corroborative details are, rightly understood, servants of Apollo, and they also give a writer a lift up the hill of Parnassus. In a more serious sense, the nations that make up the Britain of our love grow year by year stronger in local patriotism and richer in local pride, elements which, me-seems, should not be neglected by writers who hope for success.”

A brilliant burlesque was published in *The Pall Mall Gazette* shortly after Dr. Parker had made a statement in *The Idler* declaring that “Kipling was a relation of his wife; though he did not know it.” It was entitled “Poor Mr. Kipling: or, the Limitations of Knowledge.” I think I shall not be indiscreet in reproducing a



A CARICATURE OF RUDYARD KIPLING
(By Joseph Simpson)

composition that makes reference to Mr. Kipling's relatives.

The secrets of the sea are his, the mysteries of Ind,
He knows minutely every way in which mankind has
sinned ;

He has by heart the lightships 'twixt the Goodwins and
the Cape,

The language of the elephant, the ethics of the ape ;
He knows the slang of Silver Street, the horrors of Lahore
And how the man-seal breasts the waves that buffet
Labrador ;

He knows Samoan Stevenson, he knows the Yankee
Twain,

The value of Theosophy, of cheek, and Mr. Caine ;
He knows each fine gradation 'twixt the General and the
Sub.,

The terms employed by Atkins when they sling him from
a pub. ;

He knows an Ekka's pony points, the leper's drear abode,
The seamy side of Simla, the flaring Mile End Road ;

He knows the Devil's tone to souls too pitiful to damn,
He knows the taste of every regimental mess in " cham " ;

He knows enough to annotate the Bible verse by verse,
And how to draw the shekels from the British public's
purse.

But, varied though his knowledge is, it has its limitation,
Alas, he doesn't know he's Dr. Parker's wife's relation !

It always seems to me that T. W. H. Crosland's well-known parody of " Bobs " is more effective than the original ; it fulfils its purpose to perfection in sketchily portraying the poet of the British Empire in a few goodnatured and humorous verses. This parody, which is entitled " Kips," is to be found in a slender pamphlet

published at The Sign of the Unicorn in July, 1899, and called *Other People's Wings*. There are some other Kipling burlesques in this quaintly named volume, and everybody who is interested in Kiplingana should make an effort to peruse them. I cannot quote the whole of "Kips"—it has seven verses—but the three I give are the best :

There's a little round-faced man,
Which is Kips.
Writes the finest stuff he can,
Our Kips,
Takes the cake fer fancy prose,
Has the Muses by the nose,
Makes us all sit up in rows—
Don't yer, Kips ?

An' 'e's travelled fur and far,
This 'ere Kips,
Secin' things just as they are,
Straight-tale Kips ;
If it's bloo or if it's brown,
Kiplin' kindly shoves it down
In a note-book of his own—
Busy Kips !

O, 'e's eyes right up 'is coat,
Little Kips,
An' a siren in his throat,
Rudyard Kips ;
An' when that there siren vents
All yer ear drum feels in rents,
An' the listenin' continents
Says " That's Kips ! "

Let us see how an American railwayman views

Mr. Kipling's knowledge of the iron-road. I reproduce the following from *The Argonaut*, August 16th, 1897:—

“Mr. Kipling is a keen observer, and writes pretty good American for an outsider; but if he had spent a night in a roundhouse with his ears open he would never have used ‘loco’ for locomotive, or have omitted the familiar ‘engine’ altogether; he would not have said ‘bogies’ when he meant ‘truck’; he would not have allowed a parlor-car to be hitched to a suburban commuter’s train ‘ahead of the caboose’; he would not have made his engines speak of themselves as ‘Americans’ (in the sense of pattern), or painted his hero pea-green with a red ‘buffer-bar.’

“Further, no American writer would use as a simile for brilliancy ‘A fireman’s helmet in a street parade,’ as few of his countrymen have ever seen a fireman in a metallic head-covering such as is worn in London.

“I suppose it’s all right to strengthen a situation by omitting the guard-rail from an eighty-foot bridge—it gives a pleasant, breezy, western, get-there-or-bust, nigger-on-the-safety-valve movement; and maybe it’s good fiction to bring about the catastrophe with a hundred pound piglet who ‘rolled right under the pilot’ and thereby caused the ‘bogies’ to lift; but on plain, everyday railroads there is a guard-rail at every open culvert, and even the illustrations to Mr. Kipling’s story admit cow-catchers.”

Kipling has a sense of humour. Humour is a lifebuoy, and saves you from drowning when you jump off a cliff into a sea of sermons. An author (or poet) who cannot laugh is apt to explode—he is very dangerous.

I am certain that Kipling is a man with a “very young laugh.” I can imagine him seated at his writing-table beneath that portrait of Burne-Jones, writing such a tale as “The Bonds of Discipline,” which tells of a succession of uproarious orgies culminating in a mock court-martial. I can hear that boyish laugh as he writes; I can hear him chuckle at his own witticisms or those of others.

The Vicomte d’Humières has told us of Kipling’s boyish laugh; he has also told us a little about his personal appearance, but this was about 1905. He speaks of the author’s frank and open expression; of his eyes full of sympathy and gaiety, eager to reflect life and all that it holds for tinker or king; of the hair cropped in the fashion of the Tommy. And his nose! It is the nose of the seeker after knowledge. It was Albrecht Dürer who said of Erasmus: “With this nose he successfully hunted down everything but heresy.” To understand what Kipling has hunted down with his nose one must travel the world over. One thing is certain: Kipling does not attach himself to any particular creed or party. He evidently thinks that to belong to any party is to be owned by it. Kipling’s soul revolts

at life in a groove. He dislikes typical men—their ways of life, their sophistry, their stupidity. He likes to be free of all party restrictions, so that he can study in his own sweet way—when at school he was distinguished from other boys by his independence.

At the little country printing works he learned his case, worked the ink-balls, and manipulated the cropper. He knows the craft of the book from the leaded type to the printed page. This has a distinct bearing on his literary style. His language is easy, fluid, suggestive. His paragraphs throw a purple shadow, and are pregnant with meaning beyond what the text-book supplies. This is one part genius and two parts experience.

When Kipling was assistant editor of the *Pioneer* (1887–1889), his intense interest in life and great curiosity no doubt prompted him to ask his chief to send him forth into the world to acquire special knowledge for that paper. The chief volunteered him for a pilgrimage, no doubt in the same spirit as Artemus Ward volunteered all his wife's relations for the purposes of war. And thus began the travels of Kipling, special correspondent to the whole bloomin' British Empire. He, no doubt, looked back with just a little twitch of the heartstrings towards the strange little newspaper office where he had spent some arduous but profitable years. Then the particular corner of Empire where he "lay awake at nights, plotting and scheming to write something

that should take with the British Public" faded from view. It was the happiest moment he had ever known. The world lay beyond. You will find many of the tales of these wanderings in the two volumes *From Sea to Sea*. Herein are to be read his fierce affections and his amazing dislikes. And so Kipling fared forth to fame and fortune.

An American critic, Arthur Bartlett Maurice,¹ has summed up Kipling's attitude to the wit, brains, folly, and brawn of the world in a few words :

A young genius looked out upon the world, beheld there laughter and tears, folly and wisdom, and considerable wickedness of a healthy sort. The wickedness roused no anger in him. There was no disposition to howl stale moralities, his mission was not that of a social regenerator, his work betrayed no maudlin indignation. When he wrote about the deception of a husband he treated all three parties in the affair with perfect and impartial good humour. His attitude was that of detachment, his *métier* to watch the comedy and tragedy of it all as one watches a play. And after having been very much amused and a little bored, he sat down to his writing-table with the conviction that

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes that ranged
India's prehistoric clay.

There are times when he seems almost to resent the fact that human nature shows so little originality in its weaknesses. The world wags on merrily and busily, new forces are constantly springing up as if out of the ground, the

¹ Kipling's "Verse People," the *Bookman* (America), March, 1889. Reprinted in the same Magazine, January, 1911.

hand of man is growing more cunning and his brain more active, only his heart can invent no new sin. "Jack" Barrett jobbed off to Quetta in September to die there, attempting two men's work, Mrs. Barrett mourning him "five lively months at most"; Potiphar Gubbins, C.E., hoisting himself to social prominence and highly paid posts as the complaisant husband of an attractive wife—these are the oldest of pitiable human stories. Through the verses which tell of these people there rings a note of half-humorous protest at the monotonous sameness of life. For the purely narrative ditties he has more relish. A general officer, riding with his staff, takes down a heliograph message between husband and wife and finds himself alluded to as "that most immoral man." A young lieutenant wishing to break an engagement in a gentlemanly manner develops appalling epileptic fits with the assistance of Pears' Shaving Sticks. What an honest, wholesome love of fun! What animal spirits! He can see the amazement on the general's "shaven gill," and chuckle with Sleary over some especially artistic and alarming seizure. Above all he delights as

Year by year in pious patience vengeful Mrs. Boffkin
sits,
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

One thinks of him as roaring with laughter whilst he writes of the astonishment and discomfiture of these people as the "good Dumas" used to roar with laughter at the humorous observations of his characters.

Kipling shows a natural love of Biblical language, and it is worth while to observe how he repeatedly goes to Holy Writ for sonorous expressions. In his beautiful domestic poem on Sussex the phrase "The lot has fallen to me" recalls Psalm xvi. 7 (Prayer Book version): "The

lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground : yea, I have a goodly heritage." Again in the same poem we find in Stanza I, " And see that it is good," an echo, of course, from Genesis i. 31 : " And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." Take the sixth stanza of " Pharaoh and the Sergeant," and we read " 'Tween a cloud o' dust and fire "—which can be compared with Exodus xiii. 21. The following references will show that Kipling was deeply indebted to the Authorized Version in " Recessional " :

" Then beware lest thou forget " (Deuteronomy vi. 12).

" The thunder of the captains, and the shouting " (Job xxxix. 25).

" The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit : a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise " (Psalm li. 17).

" For a thousand years in Thy sight are but yesterday " (Psalm xc. 4).

" The Gentiles, which have not the law " (Romans ii. 14).

In " The Nursing Sister " is another instance to this point. Kipling has written " Our little maids that have no breasts "—which is to be found in the Song of Songs, viii. 8 : " We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts."

It is, of course, an unnecessary and tedious labour to compare minutely Kipling's work with the Bible, but one or two more comparisons may be interesting. " M'Andrew's Hymn," which I think reflects the author's ideas on life more than

any other poem, seems to have been written with a fine carelessness. Kipling writes as the fancy takes him, and it is difficult to imagine that he ever corrects or prunes his prodigal luxuriance. This poem contains much from the by-ways of the Bible :

“ Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin’ o’
desire ” (*see Ecclesiastes vi. 9*) and—

“ The Mornin’ Stars ” (*Job xxxviii. 7*).

“ When the morning stars sang together, and all the
sons of God shouted for joy.”

COLOPHON

THE world of to-day is much more complicated than Kipling's world. The great author stands separate and apart. He has nothing in common with the "moderns," and has never troubled to cultivate the literary tricks and technical achievements of the present generation. He looks back to the past for his enduring pleasures of life; he recalls affectionately the odours of the Oriental bazaars and the perils and adventures of those who live in the "oldest land";

All the world is wild and strange;
Churl and ghoul and Djinn and sprite
Shall bear no company to-night,
For we have reached the oldest land
Wherein the Powers of Darkness range.

Coming down to the concrete and particular he has a sound positive philosophy. You will find it admirably outlined in *A Book of Words* which contains his occasional speeches and addresses. His philosophy has nothing in common with the philosophy of the fake literary intellectual. It is simple and straightforward. Independence, self-reliance, doing one's job,

"owning one's self," bowing to the customary rules of the trade, being a conscientious craftsman and a good shipmate—that is the pith of his philosophy. In his address to the McGill University is crystallized what may be regarded as the modern spirit of chivalry, and in every line of it we find a striking phrase. Could anything be simpler than the language of this passage, yet could anything be more pungent?

Sooner or later you will see some man to whom the idea of wealth, as mere wealth, does not appeal, whom the methods of amassing that wealth do not interest, and who will not accept money if you offer it to him at a certain price. . . . But be sure that whenever or wherever you meet him, as soon as it comes to a direct issue between you, his little finger will be thicker than your loins. You will go in fear of him; he will not go in fear of you. You will do what he wants; he will not do what you want. You will find that you have no weapon in your armoury with which you can attack him; no argument with which you can appeal to him. Whatever you gain, he will gain more.

Then Kipling goes on to emphasize the doctrine of loyalty—loyalty to one's self. The love of work for work's sake; the love of work which is a blending of the heart, hand, and brain can never quite go out of fashion. But the man who is carried away from all that is noble in a mad rush for wealth, is not a true craftsman. He may succeed in every venture at the market-place; he may acquire enormous wealth, but in the end, when all is summed up, he can only be looked upon or written of as "a smart man."

"And that is" (so Kipling told the students of McGill's) "one of the most terrible calamities that can overtake a sane, civilized white man to-day."

In spite of the extravagant language of this statement, it is inspiring. Only use one hand to procure wealth; keep your right for the "proper work in life," for Kipling says, "If you employ both arms in that game you will be in danger of stooping; in danger also of losing your soul."

There is also a passage in which the author points out that youth can be a time of great "depression, despondencies, doubts and waverings." There is a certain darkness into which the soul of youth is likely to drift—"a horror of desolation and abandonment—which always seems worse because this depression appears to be unique, peculiar, and original in ourselves and incommunicable to others. We must fight this ogre tooth and nail, says Kipling, and if the black cloud will not lift, we must take comfort in the fact that "there are no liars like our own sensations."

The cure which he prescribes for this "most real of the hells," which man is sometimes compelled to live in, is to enter into the sorrows or, preferably, the joys of some other man. To bear a stranger's grief; to understand another's loss and calamity; to drink the hemlock with the outcast and the wayfarer, is to begin to fully

understand that "there are no liars like our own sensations."

At Kipling's installation address as Rector of St. Andrew's University in October, 1923, he made a curious speech on self-ownership and the privileges of independence. It is full of good counsel and honest opinions, and the youth who can follow out its directions will not remain long in the common rut. At the outset Kipling quoted Robert Burns :

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gold by every wile
That's justified by honour—
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for the train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The following extracts from his speech will give the reader a good idea of Kipling's principles regarding self-ownership :

"Independence means, 'Let every herring hang by its own head.' It signifies the blessed state of hanging on to as few persons and things as possible, and it leads up to the singular privilege of a man owning himself.

"Among the generations that have preceded you at this University were men of your own blood—many and many—who did their work on the traditional sack of peasemeal or oatmeal behind the door—weighed out and measured

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"Among the generations that have preceded you at this University were men of your own blood—many and many—who did their work on the traditional sack of peasemeal or oatmeal behind the door—weighed out and measured

with their own hands against the cravings of their natural appetites.

“ These were men who intended to own themselves, in obedience to some dream, leading, or word which had come to them. They knew that it would be a hard and long task, so they set about it with their own iron rations on their own backs, and they walked along the sands to pick up driftwood to keep the fire going in their lodgings.

“ Now, what in this world or the next, can the world, or any tribe in it, do with or to people of this temper? Bribe them by good dinners to take larger views on life? They would probably see their hosts under the table first and argue their heads off afterwards. Offer 'em money to shed a conviction or two? A man doesn't lightly sell what he has paid for with his hide. Stampede them or coax them or threaten them into countenancing the issue of false weights and measures? It is a little hard to liberalize persons who have done their own weighing and measuring with broken teacups by the light of tallow candles. No! Those thrifty souls must have been a narrow and an unfractionous breed to handle; but, by their God in Whose Word they walked, they owned themselves. And their ownership was based upon the truth that if you have not your own rations you must feed out of your tribe's hands, with all that that implies.”

C. Patrick Thompson, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, has written:

"When the New World rolled smoking from the oven of Armageddon, the critics thought for a while that Rudyard Kipling might make the crossing. But now even those who fervently acknowledge the old enchantment have given up hope of finding the tough small man, his pale blue eyes glinting behind strong glasses, his thick moustache and heavy eyebrows bristling, on the strange new shore.

"In 1928 he seems to belong definitely to England's past, to that England that passed away for ever in the maelstrom of the World War.

"Old landmarks have vanished. Great new landmarks have come. Domestic politics have changed profoundly. Relations between nations have been drastically modified. India has a constitution and is being tested for eventual dominion status. The American navy shares with the British navy mastery of the seas.

"These things strike no spark from the elder Kipling. In 1900 his scale of human values was ahead of his time. He anticipated. He no longer anticipates. Reading him, one looks back.

"He shows no signs of perceiving the rising of the tide of world change around the castle in which his genius has entrenched itself. His tales are of an Old World still."

In the village church at Burwash there is a mural tablet which commemorates Kipling's son John who went out to the Great War and never

came home. The boy was eighteen when the war blast caught him and obliterated him. He had been only a year a subaltern in the Irish Guards, whose history Kipling subsequently wrote.

That was the final drop in Kipling's cup of sorrow ; never could the plough and the salt of oblivion eradicate the wound which was rooted in his heart. He had lost his little daughter some years previously on an American tour and three times in the last thirty years he has been so near to another world that he might have heard the wings of Death circling round his head. Death has not allowed him a long armistice at any time and it is possible that is the reason why he now so often passes beyond Policeman Day into the region of shadows ; it is perhaps the explanation of his rejection of the doctrine that science will take charge of the future as demonstrated by H. G. Wells. He perhaps thinks less of science than loyalty and endurance. The man who is more reliable than piston-rods and dynamos holds his highest respect. And now he is wondering if all his work has been a waste of pains. Aware that "quite a dozen writers" have achieved immortality in the last 2,500 years, he wonders dryly if he will make a thirteenth.

Speaking at a public banquet some years ago he said : "The utmost a writer can hope is that there may survive of his work a fraction good enough to be drawn upon later, to uphold or

embellish some ancient truth restated or some old delight reborn."

The enthusiastic young man who arrived in London in 1889 to wrest from the poor little shop-bred people "men-servants and maid-servants and the peculiar treasure of kings" had perchance other ideas. The Anglo-Indian sub-editor may have reached out to clutch the coat-tails of Cervantes. But now, the spare grizzled genius we know as Rudyard Kipling, sits by the ruddy log fire of his manor house at Burwash and speculates on the chance of his name being heard a thousand years hence as the world rumbles tumultuously around the memory of the immortals.

